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# MES SOUPIRS:

*Italian Dreams;*

MIRRORS AND GLEAMS.

BY

SEYMOUR PECHELL,

AUTHOR OF

"POLAND'S CRIES;" "VOX HIMALAYA;"

"MONT BLANC;" ETC.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY

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## Mes Soupirs ;

ITALIAN DREAMS—MIRRORS AND GLEAMS.

.....

### ROSALIE.

KILLING as a tiny kitten,  
Pretty in its childish play ;  
Loving, fickle, and capricious ;  
Merry little bird of May !

Rosy ! little beauteous fairy,  
Child of yonder azure sea,  
Would my laugh were light and airy,  
Tiny mermaid, like to thee !

### HASTINGS CASTLE.

CRUMBLING thy ruin'd castle stands,  
Looking down on the sea,  
A relic of past ancient Time,  
Again to never be !

Here Harold, last of Saxon Kings,  
Was conquered and was slain !  
Here William, Duke of Normandy,  
Began his fated reign !

Alas ! But why should man repine,—  
Since die at last we must,—  
To emulate thy slow decay,  
Fast falling into dust ?

Man's hopes are like thy ruin'd tow'rs,  
In grandeur upward rise ;  
And earthwards sink, as shooting stars  
Along the azure skies.

Three laws pervade all Nature—the first  
Change, secondly Decay,  
Thirdly, Regeneration comes  
Of ages past away !

#### TO TINY.

I DEEPLY love her tiny pride,  
Her independent tone,  
Her winning little tenderness,—  
A charm that's all her own.

Her eyes, like lustrous stars on high,  
Shine clear, and blue, and bright :  
I feel affection round my soul  
Entwine its links to-night.

#### A CRY FROM ENGLAND'S POOR.

WE toil and labour hard,  
But Fortune's harder still ;  
For now we gain no daily bread,  
However strong our will.

God's judgments fall upon the poor,  
All Lancashire lies low ;  
Fell Famine stalks within our doors :  
Alas ! why is it so ?

Oh ! lords and ladies, blest with wealth,  
In pity help our need !  
Our famished little babies might  
Make hearts of stones to bleed !

Our brothers' anguish 'cross the seas  
We heed not, and defy  
The warning voice of Providence,  
Alas ! and thousands die !

And therefore Murder lives, whilst Law  
Is slow to punish crime ;  
And thousands leave their native shores,  
Until the end of time.

#### TINA.

MISCHIEF-MAKING merry monkey,  
I love thy tiny fairy feet !  
Impish, elfish, pretty Peri,—  
Dear tiddie darling sweet !

A ray of crystal sunshine light  
Flashed o'er you when she smiled ;  
A lily on Life's troubled stream ;  
Small, roguish, fairy child !



## WATERLOO.

THE grave of Freedom—Waterloo !  
The Lion only stands ;  
Fit symbol of despotic rule,  
That governs other lands.  
Death here laid low his truest friends,  
Triumphant over Life ;  
The Eagle fell with glittering plume—  
Red radiant in the strife,  
Run down his life-blood torrents  
Upon thy fatal plain :  
And the flashing of that comet  
May never come again.

## THE WHALE.

LEAPS the huge, pond'rous monster-king,  
Dividing the azure deep ;  
Lays the huge vessel calm afloat,  
As some Sea-Lion asleep.  
Gleams the red lurid blazing sun,  
O'er the transparent form,  
Glittering knife-like, till it spouts  
Above the calm a storm.  
Mighty, majestic Sovereign !  
Triumphant on thy throne :  
Oh ! who would in those yawning chasms,  
For ever die alone ?

## TO A MERMAID.

HER azure eyes were soft and true,  
Liquid as a river,  
As planets in the heaven blue  
Shine above for ever.

Beams crystal-like in tropic climes  
The lustre of the sea ;  
A lightning stirred their emerald depths,  
Fell flashing over me.

So gleams the sharp phosphoric light,  
And swiftly fades away  
Beneath the soft transparent sea,  
In evanescent ray !

## THE EMIGRANT SHIP ROB ROY.

SHE skims along the azure deep,—  
The breeze is bright and fair,—  
As bird along the azure height  
Seems poised upon the air.

Her snowy sails, as waving wings,  
Swell o'er with flowing wind :  
Their hearts with feelings sad o'erswell—  
"We're leaving all behind !"

## LOVE'S LAST SUNSET AT SEA.

Look how the bubbles spread and die  
Beneath the light of yonder sky :  
Look long upon the ocean floor,  
Love's last sunset for evermore !

For mortal love is sorrow's child,  
Its shadow ever sorrows pain,  
Which it follows. Ah ! the swallows  
Will never, never come again !

## DIO MI GUIDO.

I VALUE more Affection's smile  
Than Love's wild diamond ray,  
His glowing galaxies of gems,  
Blaze, rainbow-like decay.  
A greater light still shines behind  
Poor mortal heights of Pride,  
Below the mountain sets the sun,—  
Be Heaven's light my guide !  
For as the soft sad evening star,  
Beams soft affection's light,  
And gleams upon Life's troubled wave  
When suns are out of sight.

## FLOWERS OF THE SEA.

A SHEET of frosted lightning lay the silvery sea ;  
Balloon-like rose a golden globe o'er heav'n ;  
Soft memory stole at midnight over me,—  
A flash of ages past—a glimpse is giv'n.  
The eagle leaves his crag—his rocky nest,  
To view the lilies of the coral deep,  
Its lilac-tinted billows' heaving breast,  
While all around is hushed in silent sleep.

## ADIEU TO ENGLAND.

'T WAS in sorrow that I left you  
For ever fare-you-well !  
I loved you, ah ! in infancy ;  
My love no words can tell.

Thou tramplest o'er the liberties  
Of other lesser lands ;  
A heartless iron mechanism  
That's swayed by demon hands.

Looking down beneath the shallows  
Of thy stern stubborn pride,  
Can I mark the shark that follows  
Along thy golden tide.

Like an oak tree thou may'st flourish  
Another thousand years,  
While thy blossoms rain may nourish,  
From starving Labour's tears.

Making money, money making,  
Thy soul is money—pelf !  
While lesser nations die, thou liv'st  
To aggrandise thyself.

Honour losing,—losing honour,  
Stout Commerce stately stands,  
Making love to Bright and Cobden,  
Who play into her hands.

The author's and the artist's pennies,—  
The soldier's hard-won prize,—  
The poor parson's pittance, who  
Lives dinnerless, and dies !

Profit loving, Art despising,  
Material Science stalks ;  
Mixt Jobbery and Snobbery,  
Commercial wisdom talks.

'T was in sorrow that I left you,  
But broken is the spell :  
By all the million stars above,  
For ever fare-you-well !

Thy monster banks are mines of gold,  
But only to make more :  
And scarce a statue to thy Great  
Erected on thy shore !

And Spurgeon's Tabernacle stands  
Where foreign art would pile,  
With rich design and taste refined,  
A grand cathedral aisle.

'T was in sorrow that I left you ;  
Ye've broken many a heart  
Of those I love, in heaven above ;  
And I too must depart.

Thy cold and selfish etiquette,  
Thy pompous, foolish pride ;

As if alone thou rul'st the world's  
Vast circle—none beside.

By all you've wrong'd ! by one I love !  
By Byron ! long since dead,  
Avenging Time will follow Crime,—  
So India has said.

One stood upon thy seashore once,  
And nothing did he say ;  
But some one loved him far on high—  
A Hand had passed away !

# THE INDIAN OCEAN.

Hiss'd the wild waves in lava flood,  
Volcanic streams of fire ;  
Fell the fierce torrents, mountains high,  
In furious sparks of fire.

Crater-like burst their spitting lips,  
Hot venom from their breast :  
Fit image of a maniac's brain,  
Where never may be rest.

O God ! why rages so thy sea,  
In bitter hate and angry scorn ?  
Is it that 'neath those troubled depths  
Some injured spirits sigh and mourn ?



## LOVE.

THE thrilling pressure of the hand,  
Whose burning pulses dart  
A tempest flash of lightning through  
The quiv'ring heated heart.

As vessels in a hurricane,  
The soul is toss'd adrift;  
Volcano-like, Love fiercely flares;  
Hot thought is burning swift.

The speaking fire beneath the eyes,  
Earth's secret latent light,  
Flashes till it falls to ashes—  
Love's fiery delight.

## VOICES OF THE SHELLS.

WHY mourns the melancholy ocean on,  
Ever the same sad tone?  
Is it from below they echo grief,—  
Death's sorrows, not their own?

Or is it that the tempest-parted shells  
On sea-shores prostrate lie?  
Is it their death-song on the wintry waves  
Reflected, ere they die?

Or is it so from seas of mortal thought  
Left Love her grief doth tell?  
Or may be only fancy that we hear  
The speaking of a shell?

## GOING ROUND THE CAPE.

THE fleecy clouds o'er Heaven's pastures hang,  
Mirrored in the morning deep,  
While sportive porpoises are whispering  
Love-*tales* as they dance and leap.

Th' albatross is poisoning slowly,  
As if half-dreaming as he flies :  
The vessel cuts the bright white waves,  
As arrows pierce the crystal skies.

## ST. LEONARDS-ON-THE-SEA.

HER voice was like a flood of sound,  
Her eye a flood of light,  
A music of some far-off star,  
A spirit, in its flight,

Through this cold darken'd world,  
Lights man with lightning pow'r,  
Reflecting for awhile the love  
Of Life in happier hour ;

When music thrilling through the soul,  
Stirs th' ocean of the heart,  
Her power is more poignant then,  
Than Love's keen angry dart.

So the nightingale, in English wood  
So sweetly warbles love  
In springtide, while the cheerful lark  
Soft carols high above.



## ANGLO-SAXON TASTES.

THE Saxon loves his pot of beer,  
His dinner, and himself;  
Throughout all time, in ev'ry clime,  
Amasses Commerce—Pelf.

The Norman is a nobler soul,  
Loves Honour, Courage, War,  
Amusement, and his Ladye Love,—  
Joint breed on England's shore.

## IL SOLITARIO.

THEY call him some lone one  
From other far-off world—  
Some warning spirit sent  
To expiate a crime.  
They say he's ever grave,  
As if he had been hurl'd  
Deep downward here for punishment,  
Sent only for a time !

## REVENGE.

AND if the basilisk's form it wear,  
Let those who tempt its fangs beware;  
The anger of its low'ring lid  
For half an age is mask'd and hid.

But in infinity of Time,  
Infinity of Hate,

'T will deadly strike to 'venge the crime—  
The fatal fang of Fate!

It coilèd lies, and slow unfolds,  
Death darts forth into Life;  
One hand the gleaming dagger grasps,  
The right a rapier-knife.

## ESTELLA.

Bid the sun to cease to shine,  
Bid the billows cease to move,  
Bid the heart that 's deeply lov'd  
For ever cease to love!

In the noon-day of lifetime  
Love's summer sunlights rise,  
Soon to set in sadder twilight,  
In autumn's chilly skies.

Love is light—a rosy ray,  
A dazzling burning light!  
Second love shines calm above  
The evening star o'er night.

O'er Italy's bright sunny clime  
Swift love so sweetly dreams;  
Hot in the burning Spanish blood  
It sparkles and it gleams.

Love is darkness when he fades,  
Love's brilliant furnace fire:  
Second love shines high above,  
And never may expire!

## A REVERIE AT BRIGHTON.

THERE 's nothing like the flood of light  
Upon the Ocean's floor ;  
There 's nothing like the Ocean's voice,  
Its melancholy roar.

And when the azure heights we view,  
The azure depths we scan,  
We lose our fallen nature's grief,  
The fallen state of Man !

Once was there light without a shade,  
And worlds of happy mirth ;  
There was a time in ages past,  
Ere Evil came on Earth !

Without a grief, a pain, a tear,  
Ere down from Heaven's light  
Man fell a fallen spirit here,  
As meteors fall at night.

## A.D. EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THREE.

THE sun is blazing like a ball  
Of golden flame on high :  
Methought I heard a clarion-voice,  
That echoed o'er the sky :—

Europe ! thy fated hour is near,  
Thy tribulation nigh !  
The nation erring, and the soul  
That sinneth—it shall die !

## THE MISSIONARY.

HE leaves behind his heart's first love,  
Where soft affection twined ;  
The flowers small that have, ivy-like,  
Encircled all his mind.

No love or grief is like the first ;  
And no tree grows so fast  
As when its tender leaves are dead,  
Its first green glory past.

He sadly gazes on that angry sea  
That bears him from his love :  
As grains of sand in Heaven's hand,  
His thoughts are turn'd above.

## THE ATHEIST'S LAMENT.

O GOD ! Thy sun has almost set,  
Has almost left the sky ;  
All boyhood's early dreams of faith  
Lay buried now, and die.

I would I were a thoughtless child,  
To prattle on the same ;  
But the stars seem fallen from on high,  
Thyself is but a name !

How tearlessly in agony  
My heart's great sorrow past :  
How fearlessly I cut the waves  
When all life's storm had past.

In Thy infinity of home  
 And happiness above,  
 Thou scorn'st the tears of fallen man,  
 So far beneath Thy love !

Once in a lifetime beams a light,  
 A soul-refreshing ray ;  
 And therefore, as an avalanche,  
 Man's sorrows melt away.

Ah ! in agony of anguish  
 I broke Thy iron spell,  
 And sorrowfully for ever,  
 I said—For aye, farewell !

And now I pine and languish,  
 Without Thee I'm a slave :  
 I die, to seek the mysteries  
 Of Life, of Death—the Grave !

#### A QUESTION.

Is Love then but a glitt'ring rainbow  
 Of warm and weak rain-tears ?  
 Marriage the never-ending toil  
 Of jealousies and fears ?

#### COCHIN: SUNRISE.

MERRILY danced the flashing waves at dawn,  
 The Rajah slowly marching o'er the ocean floor ;  
 The sun's rays answered to their sparkling smiles,  
 As red he rose above dark India's shore.  
 Not cold, as England's sun, obscurely bright,  
 Sov'reign of stars, he rose above the night !

## LA JUMELLE.

How grand this little world it seemed,  
Unopened to the eyes !  
How soon the panorama fades,  
Eclipsed in Heaven's skies.  
How paltry, petty, mean at last,  
How soon Delusion flies ;  
If angels view, alas ! 't is true,  
They pity and despise.

## FAREWELL !

FAREWELL ! it must be so :  
And echo o'er my heart  
Sighs—" Love, we must then part !"  
And tears in torrents flow.

I stood by England's shore,  
The waters wildly fell :  
A long, a long farewell !  
Maybe for evermore.

Regret and Hope are vain,  
Oblivion is the charm ;  
Dispelling ev'ry harm,  
And dreams are all in vain.

I care not where I go,  
Life's burden still I bear ;  
But little do I care :  
Farewell ! it must be so.

## A VOYAGE TO INDIA.

THE vessel skims along the ocean blue,  
One look, and this the last—a fond adieu !  
The billows dance and leap and foam in light ;  
The moon in silent beauty rules the night :  
Two hearts were parted then, two spirits twain ;  
Two notes of harmony ne'er to sound again !  
As yonder waves so swift dividing part,  
“*Farewell!*” that sick’ning word swells o’er the heart.  
The vessel darts along the billows blue,  
One look, and that the last—a last adieu !  
The tempest-driven vessel whirls along,  
Beneath the shrinking seamew’s whistling song ;  
Swift sinking o’er the angry ocean’s breast,  
Each wave so passionately seeking rest :  
There, sorrow-stricken, from his loving wife,  
Sad, just now parted—dearer than his life—  
The solitary Indian Major stands ; surveys  
The fading sunset of his happier days ;  
Nerving his mind alone afar to roam ;  
His heart as toss’d as yonder tempest-foam,  
To leave his little dear ones safe at home.  
Reckless, hopeless, friendless, an exile from his kind,  
With folded arms stands one to good inclined  
By Nature, forced by Evil on to Wrong,  
Who whistles only sadly as the ship cuts along :  
To him all life is one, by sea or land,  
And Europe’s fading shores he coldly scann’d ;  
All heart, all hope, all love had left him lone,  
And solitary on the stage of Life he’s thrown :

He stifles every feeling, till exempt  
From every passion save a cold contempt !  
Who lonely has survived a fatal wreck.

\* \* \* \* \*

One little lady struts along the deck,  
Free, fair, and happy, full of fun and life ;  
She has not known the battle and the strife,  
But onward sails, as bright and buoyant free  
As yonder stately vessel ploughing through the sea.

#### VICTORIA.

Her eye was light and her form was fair,  
A gem of Irish birth ;  
Soft rosy lips, as budding flow'rs,  
Diviner than of earth.

Ah ! she was like the sapphire's blaze,  
Or diamond dropping dew ;  
And some passion, softly beaming,  
Shone in her een of blue ;

A spark of Spain's dark dazzling light  
As sunlights o'er the sea,  
Sparkled as she, gaily dancing,  
Fell meteor-like o'er me !

Her marble brow was free from care,  
Yet, by experience taught,  
A moment—she could learn, divine  
Your spirit's inmost thoughts.



## ENGLAND'S WEALTH AND LIBERTY.

LIBERTY !—the mere echo of a name,  
When hungry Famine, free to starve,  
Trudges home weary 'neath the glaring sun  
Of pomp and show and rich embroidery !  
England, wreath'd with golden rosy sunbeams,  
Some *ignis fatuus* o'er the murky pond,  
Lighting thee, bedecked in all thy glittering plumes,  
To sink into the chasms of splendid festal luxury !  
Thy gaudy Exhibitions' golden glare,  
While lowly Preston starves in pain !  
London ! offscourings of Rome and Paris hell !  
The rich sport gaudy gold, the poor hopeless bleed.  
Oh ! ask the why and whence, of all this needless  
    need !  
Too grand and gorgeous in thy heartless wealth :  
So Rome fell with her golden glittering chain.

## EDITH.

AH ! I would I were a fairy,  
    To give to those I love ;  
But ah ! I'm chain'd to Earth, beneath  
    Those brilliant stars above.

Ah ! I would I were a mermaid,  
    Beneath yon silvery sea,  
Beneath the wave my locks to lave,  
    Deep floating, happy, free !

## BROKEN HEARTS: OR, LA MUSIQUE D'AMOUR.

SOME men are organs out of tune,  
Their melody is mute;  
No hand strays o'er their spirit's strings,  
Which, like a broken lute,  
Sound hollow, till a broken chord  
Is mended, and once more  
Breaks forth bright music o'er the soul,  
As merry as before!

## CHILDHOOD'S INNOCENCE.

FORGET not all thy childhood's love;  
Thy innocence and truth  
Remember, as thou look'st above,  
The heaven of thy youth.

For, Mortal, thou wilt die, and rue  
So bitterly the day  
When Infancy's soft light so true  
For ever past away!

Then sever not that silken chain,  
That viewless bound thy heart  
To Home and Heaven's universe,  
Of which thou art a part.

Delusions catch with glittering light  
Man's heart—a fatal snare!  
Oh! look on yonder star afar,  
For Truth looks down from there!

## ALL GONE! FOR EVER!

THOU'RT gone! my earthly love!  
Thou art for ever flown!  
Girt with the mem'ries of the Past,  
My heart beats all alone.

The fading lustre of thine eyes  
O'ershone an angel's love;  
While a glimpse of far-off heaven  
Flash'd o'er me from above!

All gone! no trace is left:  
Never again! never!  
My soul of thee must live bereft:  
All is gone for ever!

## RÊVE D'AMOUR.

SORROW came in floods of tears,  
In rivulets they fell:  
My love, my light, we part for years;  
My dream of love farewell!

## LE SOUPIR D'AMOUR.

WHEN first we feel th' infectious sigh,  
As little birds above  
We sing, and wish it ne'er would die,  
The honied charm of Love.  
As thirsty tiny fish we gasp,  
Enchanted breathe soft air,

Intoxicated, as we clasp  
Our vision-dream in air.

It fades as some dissolving view,  
Although its glory's fled ;  
'T were better to have loved in life  
Than loveless to lay dead.

Vesuvius lava-floods may fall,  
Till tempest-falls of rain  
Turn all the seething flames to stone,  
To never flare again !

Little sunbeams, little flowers,  
Skim o'er sweet Love's stream ;  
A newer, gladder lustre through  
Life's thunder-clouds may gleam.

Sparkling, sunny, merry music  
Over Life's dark river,  
Too often falls as shooting stars,  
Love t'its depths for ever.

But who upon this Earth of ours  
Can bear a heart of stone ?  
Some tiny sovereign reigns supreme,  
And fills the vacant throne !

Ah ! she who dives in Love's deep sea,  
Can never be alone !  
For love may sigh, but never die,  
When once the seed is sown.

Love is a spirit, from afar  
 He sheds a lightning ray :  
 True love is bright as yonder star,  
 Whose sun is far away.

### AH ! CHE LA MORTE.

THE deep, deep sorrow of the Italian hope,  
 The deep outpouring of an injured heart,  
 Whose rivers overflow in floods of sound,  
 The last sigh stealing o'er Mortality.  
 I once remember when I heard it, round  
     My very heart the life-blood curdled so ;  
 It seemed the struggling effort of one soul  
     Depicting his dear country's cry of woe !

When sorrow strikes the spirit's inmost depths,  
     'Tis then we love the music of the sea ;  
 Or Verdi, thy sweet soft and passionate tone ;  
     Or thine, high Handel, for our thoughts to free.  
 In fancy then thy grief or joy's our own !  
     Ah ! Death—how slow he comes ! The broken  
         heart

Sighs as a spirit in that speaking air :  
     For Life is kin to Death, when lovers part !

### LIFE'S PANORAMA.

WHEN feelings leaf-like earthward fall,  
     Or lay like forests dead,  
 'Tis better to have died a child,  
     Ere Hope and Love had fled !

This world a Panorama seems  
When cold ; with open eyes  
We view beneath the seraph forms  
The fiend in rich disguise.

Life's shifting scenes—a tragic farce—  
They vanish and they pass,  
When Love's mirror, soft reflecting,  
Is broken as a glass !

Ah ! what can mend a broken lens ?  
No mortal ray of Love :  
But the soul finds high in Heaven  
Immortal Light of Love !

#### THE COBRA.

THE cobra coils his sinuous form,  
And lurks in stealthy ire,  
Till darting lightning-like he springs—  
His victim will expire.

Coal-black as night he layeth still,  
In silent winter wrath,  
His gleaming eyeballs fiery flash,  
His poison'd fangs leap forth !

A god on India's land he lives—  
Retaliation's form ;  
Invisible, unseen he comes,  
As meteor o'er a storm.

## SUNSET; OR, LA MORT D'AMOUR.

Love is a dream of stars and light;  
From high above is given  
A dawn of sunrise o'er Life's waves,  
Beneath the summer's heaven.

Oh ! ye who have felt his lightning pow'r,  
Or known his tender sway,  
For you earth has no sunlight left,  
When Love's light fades away !

The brilliant crimson Eastern sun  
Brings rainbows full of tears,  
But now to ye a blank repose,  
No pleasures, hopes, or fears.

The puny bird (Love mortals name)  
Meets the crocodile's jaw,  
Love dies, and o'er the clouds of Life  
His sun is seen no more.

## MARRIAGE.

Love's avalanche-like heights  
As meteors fall :  
Is marriage then a change of name ?  
Is this then all ?

Affection long survives its mate,  
Mad, fond first love !  
When earthly hopes are desolate,  
Men reckless rove.

## LA SPANNOLA.

BRIGHT was the lustre of her jewel eye,  
As starlight's sparkling gleam,  
Love's soft and swimming ecstasy,  
In Passion's powerful dream !

Outshone the lazy liquid depths  
That now in splendour shone,  
Then sank to calm and charm'd repose,  
When Love's first flash was gone !

The soft sweet splendour of that spirit-eye,  
A violet's azure light ;  
While from their depths flew forth a spark  
Like the firefly at night.

As waves at sunrise, round the lips  
Played forth a charming smile ;  
Thus fascination wins or kills,  
The Maga's spell or wile !

## MERMEN.

MERMAID with the long black hair,  
On India's troubled water,  
I saw thee, maybe in a dream,  
Ocean's sable daughter.

Few dive beneath the dreary depths  
To love thy crystal een ;  
Souls transmigrate ;—I too, perchance,  
A Mermaid may have been !



## "I HAD A DREAM."

I HAD a dream ! I did seem  
Thousands of miles far above !  
I had a dream of a star-beam,  
And I was flying on wings of love !

I had a dream ! She was the Queen,  
Sovereign of millions of stars on high ;  
Till from above fell earthly love,  
One of the shooting stars over the sky.

I had a dream ! Like a star-beam  
I was alone, bright and free !  
I had a dream ! 'twas but a gleam—  
Only a sunflash over the sea !

I had a dream ! only a gleam :  
I was alone, deep under the sea.  
I had a dream ! only a dream !  
'Twas but a flash of Eternity !

## A COUP D'ŒIL.

I come for awhile to India's shore,  
To listen to its Ocean roar ;  
But for awhile, then with a smile  
I leave, to return there nevermore.  
Alas ! when I look on the golden sea,  
I would this land were as buoyant and free ;  
But Slavery's abject form I view,  
And millions impoverished for the few.

Yon sun sets sadly in the golden sea,  
To rise in grandeur o'er a Nation Free !

India, thy stars look down at night below,  
And Islam hovels on Himalaya's snow !  
But ages onward roll, and generations die,  
And change comes at last, as rainbow on the sky;  
And olden Reigns decay, Regeneration springs—  
For such are the laws of all poor mortal things.

#### LOCH LOMOND.

A CLOUD rests o'er the mountain brow,  
The sun just gilds the plain below,  
Beyond Ben Lomond's summits soar,  
Wreath'd in their caps of silv'ry snow;  
A torrent from the towering hills  
Leaps downward, dazzling, glittering white;  
At noon these solitary heights  
Stand in their garb of sable night.

Beneath, a tiny hamlet sits;  
Above, God's architectures rise,  
Built by a superhuman hand,  
To mingle with the azure skies.  
Ben Lomond (as a giant) rears  
His head above the lake below;  
Asleep in soft transparent calm  
His monster torrents sleepy flow.

Sleep on, sweet lake ! I watch thy waters roll,  
And Nature in her beauty breathes music on the soul.

## BEN LOMOND.

MORTAL, mark a mountain

Above the world below ;

Mortal, mark its summits

In Heaven's cloud of snow.

Thus ever high, lonely,

Wouldst thou leave earthly care ?

Rise in spirit only,

And be free as the air !

Mortal, track the fountain

Glibly glide below ;

Mortal, mark the mountain

Clad in cloud of snow !

But the stream becomes a river,

Falling on the sea :

Thus thou'rt falling ever

On Eternity !

## THE PRISONER.

HE lonely beats his prison bars,

In mockery of light ;

Each sun dawns through his lonely room,

And day is ever night.

Some phantom-face in dreams

Brings strange and silent awe ;

He wakes from long captivity,

To be himself no more.

He strives to mingle with his kind ;  
His heart is haggard grown :  
And midst the world's gay glitt'ring pomp  
His soul feels all alone !

Sometimes some old familiar air,  
A something, or a strain,  
Strikes o'er the spirit's tuneless notes,  
And bids it sound again.

The heart is deaf to mortal hope,  
Death only gives release ;  
He sees within his telescope  
The grave, and calm, and peace.

#### A DOG'S SINCERE AFFECTION.

ON life's tempestuous wintry road,  
(Ah ! will it never end ?)  
Believe me, more than all the world,  
A Dog's the truest friend.

When hearts are cold, and eyes are strange,  
And old friends pass then by,  
In seeming smile, but real guile,  
And unrelenting eye :

Then take thy favorite dog to heart,  
Throw not away his love ;  
For dogs have faithful hearts below,  
And may have souls above !

Thou may'st show'r favors on human hearts,—  
Ungrateful they remain,  
And give thee often thorns for flowers,  
Too often only pain.

But Dogs are true and honest friends,  
In sunshine or in shade  
Devoted still : all other friends  
As leaves in autumn fade.

### MORTAL PRIDE.

ALL atoms ! and our earthly pride  
Sad sinks for ever in the grave ;  
The sun that shines above the tide,  
Soon fades beneath the wave.

We listen to the eddying storm,  
That hoarsely echoes fierce and wild ;  
War's whistling arrows pierce the sky ;  
Each earthly hero's but a child.

The rattling thunders loudly roll ;  
The lightning-winged cannons ring !  
Above the storm, unseen, a form,  
The Raven flaps his death-black wing.

Light, silent and invisible,  
Beneath the silent flood,  
And trackless in tremendous depths,  
The Storm-Fiend sighs for blood.

And tearless comes wrong'd Nemesis,  
Who thousand tears hath shed,  
In awful, silent, cold contempt,  
Above the midnight dead !  
And thus in flashing fury said—  
“ When mortal passions all are o'er,  
“ 'Tis Death in Life on Earth's seashore !”

## VOLTAIRE.

THE scorner of all human love,  
All fellowship divine ;  
A spirit of some far-off world,  
Of other happier time.  
The keen cold blade of Ridicule,  
The demon-like contempt ;  
Below the depths of mortal thought,  
From joy and pain exempt.  
His hate was hard and icy cold,  
His love voltaic fire ;  
Both sudden Ætnas, whose hot flames  
Would strike, and then expire !  
A relic of another star,  
All ashes, as white steel,  
His heart on earth was withered quite,  
And yet could deeply feel.  
He, æther-like, in fearful force,  
In Revolution's time,  
Shone dazzling through the souls of men,  
As diamond in a mine.

He satirised a fallen world,  
Mixt Misery and Truth ;  
Cain and Abel, Faith and Fable ;  
Where Age is only Youth.

## ROUSSEAU.

A PILGRIMAGE on Earth he led,  
From Heaven's higher light :  
He died a man—yet scarce a man ;  
He knew the Wrong from Right.  
He sighed o'er man, poor fallen man !  
To death, from early birth,  
His life was all a murm'ring stream—  
His spirit not of Earth !

## SOUVENIR.

FLASHED o'er the silver sea  
Light from a vanished eye !  
Shot o'er the cloudless blue,  
A star across the sky !  
A song of happier times  
Soft whisper'd o'er the deep ;  
Flew tiny fairies from  
The mirror'd caves of sleep.  
A tune brings back a memory,  
And music may recall  
Some antenatal melody,  
Before Man's fated fall !

And music breathes an echo sad  
When those we love are gone !  
And mournfully reflects the flash  
Of happiness that shone.

Bright music (as a rainbow's hues)  
Falls on a golden wave,  
Vitality of Soul renews,  
When speaking from the Grave !

Music brings back some long past scene;  
And, as with second-sight,  
We view some Panorama in  
Another truer light !

And music is the soothing charm  
That dissipates our woes,  
And lulls the entranc'd spirit till  
It sinks into repose.

#### FLOWING EVER.

RIVER, river,  
Flowing ever !  
O river ! young river !  
Thou art yet blythe and young !  
Ever flowing,  
Onward going !  
O river ! young river !  
There is mirth in thy tongue.  
River, river,  
Flowing ever !



Still, still the young river,  
As in childhood of yore !

Leaping, dancing,  
Laughing, glancing !  
From me gone for ever  
What thou canst not restore !

Life o'ershaded,  
Pleasures faded !  
Ah ! yet on Life's river,  
I flow on like thee !  
Flowing ever,  
Ending never !  
On, down to the Sea !

#### ADDIO.

THE last links slowly now are parting,  
Fast breaking is the spell ;  
The clarion note of War resounds  
Awhile to Love, farewell !

The trumpet breathes the blast of war,  
As waves of yonder sea,  
We're parted by the tempest roar—  
Adieu ! sweet love, to thee !

#### THE SERPENT.

I SAW a serpent's gliding form,  
His forkèd tongue leap'd forth,  
And tacit fury seem'd to gleam,  
(As glimmers in the north

The lurid dogstar.) Such is man  
When all his heart has fled ;  
He slumbers till he meets his foe,  
And, flashlike, strikes him dead !

Rises his silent pent-up wrath,  
His eyes, like livid snow,  
Shine, Ætna-like, in furious flare !  
His arrowy fangs show,—  
An emblem of Infinity !  
So old Chaldæans tell ;  
The fallen Angels' fav'rite form,  
The link from Earth to Hell !

#### LE PAPILLON.

METEOR, golden meteor,  
Falling from the air,  
Wayward, wayward fairy,  
Restless everywhere !  
Feather, froward feather,  
Flying for a day ;  
Passion, flick'ring Passion,  
Flaming for a day,  
Small, tiny butterfly,  
Whisking thro' the air,  
Would I were like thee,  
Free from earthly care,  
Flitting, fairy-like,  
Living but a day !

Bright little buoyant,  
Airy little fay !  
Come for a moment,  
Flying fast away,  
Bearing on thy wings  
India's sun ray !

## DEL PASSATO.

SOMETIMES we feel not living love,  
As if of soul were gone  
A part, and only part remains;  
A twilight leads us on.

We cannot, if we would, be gay;  
No sunlight—not a ray !  
Seem sever'd all the silken ties,  
The smile has pass'd away !

## LILLY.

For one who as a Fairy Queen,  
Sheds light upon a mountain scene,  
In midnight's sombre maze of trees,  
When thro' the silent woods the breeze  
Sighs to itself alone in grief,  
So sorrowfully—no relief !  
For one a tear I sometimes shed,  
To think to me she is as dead !  
I met her on the sea-beach shore,  
(A sunflash 'midst the ocean roar.)

Mark two rivers in sorrow parted,  
For ever parting o'er the sea ;  
Mark two spirits, kindred-hearted,  
So parting till Eternity !

Man lives, and dies, and lives again ;  
And Death is Life, mix'd joy and pain .  
Ah ! does the same scene recur ? In vain  
We ask the question ! On the shore  
Methought that we had met before !  
We seek among the shadows that pass by,  
'Midst earthly clouds, a light in vain—we die !  
Ourselves an indissoluble mystery !  
All present truth gleams in past history.

### THE LADY LILIAN.

STATELY she stalk'd along her velvet lawn,  
As frigate on a calm cold sea ;  
But wedded yesternight an earl,  
In lonely pomp she says, "Ah me !"

She lays her down upon her velvet couch,  
And, weary, ponders on her wedded state ;  
Her head sinks heavy on her jewelled hand,  
So humbly haughty, weary of her fate.

Oh, ye who would wed with chains of gold,  
Or gaudy titles, glittering ore !  
Remember how sweet Lillian's heart was sold ;  
With love dead, life's poor play is o'er.

Love, avalanche-like, falls from Heaven !  
Rain-tears in showers shed ;  
The Lady Lilian, of Lilian,  
Lays motionless and dead !

### THE SPHYNX.

Mute idols of blank thousand years !  
Ye are no idle tale,  
Grand Sphinx, so mournful motionless,  
That know'st no mortal tears !

Living ere Homer's Trojan sceptre fell,  
Old form of beauty dead,  
Some antediluvian spectral form  
Of never-dying hell !

For ever, ever watching all  
Mere mortal change below,  
The tempest and the waterfall,  
Stone idol—ever so !

With earnest mien, and cold stern eye  
Of unrelenting fate,  
Thy spirit o'er the Pyramids  
Marks countless changes die.

The flying serpent o'er thee soars,  
The basilisk basks below ;  
Ere Christ or Mahomet had cause,  
Stone idol—ever so !

## MISSOLONGHI.

HERE England's greatest Poet lonely died,  
And none to mourn or shed a tear;  
No friend, or loving heart, or woman near;  
Not one among his lady lemans dear!

For Greece he died;—to Liberty a friend;  
His spirit left all mortal woes;  
A martyr in defence of Right he fell,  
To find in Death alone, repose!

And o'er his spirit Heaven's lightning then  
Fell as a javelin's piercing dart!  
One who so mournfully false England's shore  
For ever left, for want of heart.

His wife, she left him when the others left,—  
The tender tie was snapp'd in twain;  
Lonely he died, of friends bereft,  
Ah! never may he come again.

## CASTLES IN THE AIR.

WE build some castle in the air,  
Sometimes of golden love;  
The light is better than despair,  
That never soars above.

Albeit yonder sun may set  
Beneath the azure wave,  
We in its golden rays forget  
The darkness of the grave.

Our thoughts, as rainbows, dazzle us,  
Till rain falls heavy down,  
And like an avalanche descends  
Our castle to the ground.

When love's bright buoyant flame is past,  
As diamond in a mine,  
Deep, soft affection's evening star  
Eternally may shine !

#### THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

WHEN those we've loved are gone ever,  
On earth we stand alone ;  
Thought then, a solitary king,  
Reigns o'er our mental throne.

Why do the leaves fall—fall ever  
Fast from their parent tree ?  
Why does yonder sparkling river  
Run downward to the sea ?

Why does yonder pine-tree flourish,  
Th' oak lie prostrate below ?  
Why does th' kestrel hover upward  
'Midst the tiny towers of snow ?

Why do the clouds rain heavy tears ?  
Why do the tempests rend ?  
Why do we mourn in vain the death—  
For ever mourn a friend !

## AN ENGLISH VILLAGE EVENING.

THE happy schoolboy trudges home  
Beneath the cottage tree ;  
The children's merry voice is heard ;  
The herds wind down the lea.

The herdsman sleepily walks on,  
And whistles as he goes,—  
His heart as lulled, unruffled, calm,  
As stream that gently flows.

His honest soul is free from care,  
He earns his daily bread ;  
And after each long day of toil,  
Lays down his weary head.

Oh ! ye who lay on couch of ease,  
In gaudy splendor live,  
For such content and ruddy health,  
How much ye fain would give !

An English village evening, I ween's a pretty sight,  
Just as the still calm evening sun makes England's  
beauty bright.

## AN INDIAN WINTER EVENING.

ON Himalaya's snow-clad crags  
Ten thousand crimson turbans shine,—  
Ten thousand royal blood-red flags  
Flash as the diamond 'neath the mine !



Beneath the mountain's azure height,  
 Ten thousand sabres, drawn in ire !  
 Swarm wolf-like in the plains at night,—  
 Rebellion's sons, the fiends of fire !

The eagles high triumphant spread  
 O'er the black swarthy crew below,  
 Their black wings o'er the mountain head  
 Lost in their lonely thrones of snow.

Hark ! crashing peals the thunder forth !  
 Earth hisses from below her rage !  
 Soars the volcano red in wrath,—  
 The spirit of the coming age !

#### LA PICCIOLA.

I FOUND a tiny jewel on the ocean shore,  
 A little sapphire bright, and sweetly small ;  
 Its colour was of Heaven, and its light  
 My spirit as a starbeam did enthral.

I wound the tiny jewel round the tendrils of my heart,  
 The little gem I rescued from the tempest of the  
 sea ;

And now we cannot part !—I wear it on the heart,  
 My little tiny gem, an emblem, love, of thee !

I wander'd by the winding walks of pretty Prittlewell,  
 The purple violet blossom'd in the breeze,  
 Midst th' eglantine, the rose, and the tender harebell,  
 Whilst the white wave glisten'd on the soft  
 summer seas.

I floated o'er the lonely lake beneath Ben Lomond's  
glen,  
I listen'd to the waterfall of Greenock's mountain  
tide ;  
And still my little gem was brighter far than them,  
The tiny soft sapphire which hung by my side.

## CROMWELL.

THE banner floated to the furious breeze,  
Flags flaunted 'neath the wintry sun ;  
Glitter'd the Commonwealth's puissant pikes,  
The thousands bending to the One !

The lightnings flash in ghastly light,  
As if in anger Heaven came ;  
The stars looked coldly down at night,  
As storm-clouds burst in bolts of flame !

Huge bonfires burnt in furious blaze,  
And, Babel-like, their bristling roar  
Echoed to fires of Heaven's heights—  
“ Charles, King of England, is no more ! ”

'Reft of his crown, without a tear  
He nobly met his destin'd fate,  
His cruel country's lasting shame :  
But Man is little—“ God is great ! ”



## MORTAL LIFE AND FALLACIES.

LIFE is an Ocean, whose sad waves  
Roar on and never cease ;  
Death is the sea-beach, where at last  
Each billow rests at peace.

Ambition's thoughts and strange events,  
As waves, waft mortals on ;  
But dying human hearts repent  
When Life's mad tempest's gone !

'Tis grand to hear Life's ocean roar  
Tempestuously wild !  
But truer far beams Heaven's star,  
We loved so as a child.

Delusions, Will-o'-Wisp-like, shine  
As diamonds in a mine,  
Too soon across Life's deep morass  
Extinguish'd,—merely glass.

'Tis sad this theatre to view,  
To pity or despise !  
Alas ! how true—the greatest, too,  
Seem false to Angel eyes !

## ON SLANDER.

DREAD CALUMNY ! that brazens gems of gold,  
Vile Persecutor, die !  
Cruel Slander, forkèd-tongu'd, on wings  
Of poison fire doth fly.

The serpent, base Ingratitude, the sire,  
And Envy, wrinkled dame,  
The mother of these fiery snakes,  
Who fly on clouds of flame.

Ye murder many an innocent heart,  
And ruthlessly devour  
Man's honour, with a shrug, or sneer :  
Too fatal is your power !

How many broken hearts have sunk  
Beneath th' envenom'd tongue !  
Retaliation, at the last,  
Must soon or later come.

### MISS TOLLY-FOL-LOLLY :

#### THE PARROQUITE.

SWEET PRATTLER ! now, my tiny friend,  
Thy tender, soft, and speaking eye,  
And azure plumes (some long-lost dream,)  
Remind me of Heaven, long past by.

And thou 'rt a captive like to me,—  
Thou in a cage, and I on earth ;  
And in our prisons for awhile  
Has vanish'd some part of our mirth.

The Indian dove coos lays of love,  
Warbles, and gently woos his mate ;  
But I and thou would fly above,  
Could we but leave our captive state.

Time was when thou could'st take thy flight,  
On azure merry wing ;  
And thou, thy pretty mate's delight,  
Could'st gaily chirp and sing.

The Huma, Bird of Paradise,  
Than either me or thee, above,  
Is wiser far ! In azure skies  
He ever chants his lay of love.

Oh ! would I were a champac flower,  
Whose blossoms bloom a crystal blue !  
Or lily on Nerbudda's stream,  
Where once my Parroquite—she flew !

#### TWO ASPECTS OF LONDON.

How merry often mortals seem,  
When hearts are sad within !  
How gay the lights of music gleam  
Above the halls of sin !

Above this falsely-happy throng  
The stars so sadly shine,  
So mournfully,—where angel hearts  
O'er mortal woes repine.

Mark Buckingham Palace' lofty towers,  
Where gaudy splendors shine !  
Mark Bethnal Green's starv'd filthy haunts  
Of poverty and crime !

One Spring in London's sun I wore  
Its diamond, thrown away;  
By night, the Poor on London Bridge,  
And golden Pomp by day!

## CALCUTTA. NIGHT. 1857.

THE owl screech'd in the chill night-air;  
The light flash'd from Heav'n's dark black eye;  
The howling tempest, and the pattering rain,  
'Mid the vivid lightning, whose gold-gleaming glare  
Broke o'er each mosque, and th' ash-white tomb,  
In fitful lustre. Mark the roaring sea,  
Foam, leaping, lashing, o'er the distant plains.  
Boom'd the broad-sounding thundering guns of gloom,  
And Death pale hover'd with his sable train!  
The raven croak'd forth dismal note of woe!  
Calcutta, thou may'st govern with a sweeping sword,  
But Love has left thee, ne'er to shine again!

## 'WARE THE WORM!

THE mountain soft in Springtime shone,  
In Autumn fiery burn'd;  
So streams the heart's hot lava floods  
When love to hatred's turn'd.

The vine-tree blooms with blushing grapes,  
Whose veins are hot with wine;  
The worm, so harmless! comes to catch  
One ray of sweet sunshine.

Man ruthless cuts those bloodless veins ;  
Cold vinegar—it dies !  
The worm he treads on, dies : re-born,  
A coiled dragon lies !

'Ware, ere ye scorn ! for bitterly  
Ye may at last be spurn'd ;  
There is no hell above, below,  
Like love to hatred turn'd !

## BATTAGLIA.

RANG the hoarse trumpet's warning blast,  
Ten thousand thunder'd on !  
The thousands salvos, cannon flash'd,—  
Ten thousand lives are gone !

'Mid the shrill clangour of the shields,  
Poignards and stilletos flare ;  
A million bayonets—hissing shells  
Fly bristling thro' the air !

Squares and solid masses  
Stand—now wildly rush ;  
The hills o'erflow with life-blood ;  
Victory well may blush !

Death's convulsive struggles !  
A dash—a flash—a clash !  
Troops headlong charge, as torrents  
From th' Andes downward dash !  
Are nations still but children ?  
Is quarrelling but trash ?

## CALMA.

THE swallow twitter'd to his loving mate;  
The rivulet, running, warbled its lay;  
The crystal expanse of the sea stood still  
In the summery sunny light of day.

The dove soft coo'd her cozy, gentle song;  
The tiny fish sported o'er the stream;  
The sunbeams danced in the waves of air,  
And Peace and Calm was no idle dream!

The breeze, as it ruffled the blades of grass,  
Whisper'd in tones of love;  
The lark, as he sang his evening hymn,  
In heaven pois'd above!

The waves lay down to sleep in soft repose,  
Each flower shut its tiny eyes;  
One moment Heaven shone o'er earth,—  
That lay a tranquil Paradise.

## VIVA L'ITALIA.

HER spirit, like a little bird,  
Flits o'er her summer sea;  
And softly sings far o'er her clouds,  
“Let Italy be free!”

There's beauty in the emerald depths  
Of Woman's loving eye!  
Or in the last wild flash of light,  
When eagle spirits die!



Arm ! arm for Liberty ! her flag  
 Raise, dauntless, heaven high !  
 Arm ! arm for war ! the cannons roar !  
 To conquer or to die !

If Poland once more prostrate lie,  
 Then shame upon the deed !  
 Believe me, that the avenging blood  
 In brilliant flood will bleed !

Above all time one marks the crime :  
 Italia may'st thou see,  
 'Midst crimson tears, thy happier years,  
 When Europe's lands are free !

### LES FEMMES.

WOMAN ! link from Earth to Heaven,  
 From Heaven down to Hell !  
 Who knows thee deeply, would resign  
 Thy fatal spirit-spell !  
 Hark ! the grave-like ocean falls heavy on the shore,  
 " Woman, Woman ! ruin of Man for evermore ! "

Who charms our wearied heart to rest,  
 And soothes our sickness hour ?  
 Kind Woman—dearest friend, and best,  
 In Fortune's wayward power.  
 Hark ! the sunny ocean falls music on the shore :  
 " Woman, Woman ! solace of Man for evermore ! "

## LIFE'S CONTEMPLATIONS.

AND thus the stony Doctor said,

“ Infants are born—old women die ;  
“ The new leaf grows, the old ones fall,  
“ And Death does mortal art defy.”

And thus the world-wise Lawyer said,

“ We win sometimes a golden spoil,  
“ A Chancery suit, more often lost,  
“ With drudgery and daily toil.”

And thus the callous Courtezan—

“ Money is all ! when feelings fade,  
“ And leave the young heart sick and sad,  
“ Life's brightest sunbeams set in shade.”

And thus the calm Philosopher—

“ Learn but to live, and tranquil die ;  
“ We nothing know, and nothing care ;  
“ Serenely still we all defy.”

And thus th' ironic Poet said—

“ Man is a bastard infant born,  
“ And Life an idle mockery,  
“ So brief, why should we mourn ?”

And thus the guardian Angel sighs—

“ Life is probation, fallen man !  
“ Do but thy duty—seek the truth ;  
“ Presume not God to scan.”

And thus the wily Demon said—

“Thy God’s fair world is but a tomb ;

“As bright as diamonds without,

“Within disease, and death, and gloom.”

And thus I sorrowfully said—

“Is all then false, and nothing true ?

“Life is a blank enigma still,

“From every point of view.”

#### ALL NO MORE !

I WANDER’D at midnight, and listened to the sea,  
The voices from its depths murmured to me :

Past ! all is o’er

For evermore !

Hark ! they roar

All no more !

On the shore

Nevermore !

I listen to the boisterous bellowing sounding wave,  
From other far-off shore they echo from the grave :

As before,

All no more !

A tear I shed

For Poland dead !

And echo sighed,

When Freedom died,

For evermore

Past ! all is o’er !

## THE BLACK EAGLE.

Lost in the vaults of Heaven's azure sky,  
Alone the Black Eagle, he hovers far on high,  
Lost to the sight of mere mortal eye.

Lone in the depths of th' Atlantic's boiling bay,  
The huge monster shark in safety doth play;  
But starlike the eagle descends on his prey.

A splash! on the sea a shrill scream-cry,  
As arrow-like down doth th' Air-king fly,  
And none can his terrible talons defy!

Lost in the crystal of the cobalt summer sea,  
Black, ravenlike, glossy, bright monarch is he;  
As starlight in winter stares his piercing 'ee!

Pois'd ere he soar to Heaven's throne of light,  
Calm 'midst the stars, alone, at night,  
He hovers o'er pale Himalaya's height!

## THE GARIBALDIANS AT GENOA.

HARK, heaven! mark at midnight the fall of th'  
sounding sea!

Methought I heard some hundred voices say—

“Arm, arm! the cannons roar,

“The clarion note of war

“Resounds, and all is o'er!”

Hark, heaven! mark at morning the voice of the  
angry sea,

Whose boisterous lashing billows play.

The flashing sabres shine,  
And bristling bayonets gleam ;  
And Italy and Liberty  
No more an idle dream !

#### A COMET.

I MARK'D a comet million miles away ;  
Wistful I gazed upon its fiery heat :  
It seem'd as if a gleam of memory came  
Of ages past—a glimpse, a momentary flash.

Our life is all gradation : all around the sun  
Revolve and revolve in their orbs afar.  
Shall we too change ? Shall we at death be born  
In other world, maybe a comet or a star ?

The stars they rule the destiny of man ;  
And why do mortals vainly ever strive ?  
The butterfly is merrier on his golden azure wing,  
Than swarms of busy bees that buzz in a hive.

#### CATHEDRAL, ITALY.

I stood within the temple's lofty dome,  
And mused o'er shades and times long past ;  
Religion ! grand idea—noble and sublime !  
But passion in religion seems almost a crime,  
I almost wish I were in that eternal home  
Where light with superstition is no more over-  
cast.

Does Catholicism destroy all mortal pride?  
 'Twas not for earthly pomp that Christ was crucified,  
*Betrayed by His friends* in agony He died:  
 Are Priestcraft, Idolatry, Heathenism allied?  
 The Arno runs rippling in clear pellucid tide.

## LIVORNO.

ITALIA's tiny yacht fast cuts the crystal waves,  
 That lay as long green panes of glittering glass,  
 I wander by her shore. I list an echo say—  
 "To me, as yonder vessel, life's lovely scenes pass,  
 "Life's theatre is fair—how soon the curtain falls!  
 "But mere dissolving views, and death alone appals.  
 "The tiny birds soft sing on every summer tree;  
 "The golden sun sad sinks beneath the silv'ry sea!  
 "Lovely the mermaid lives beneath her coral caves;  
 "The lizard creeps within his hollow stone.  
 "Italia's thousand graves! Italia's thousand slaves!  
 "They almost break the heart, and I feel all  
 "alone!"

## ROMA. MUSINO.

SAD sepulchre of Christians!—Rome!  
 Vaults, gothic arches, glittering dome!  
 Of Christian sects foundation stone,  
 Arch'd in high glory near the skies!  
 The Past—strewn shrines and obelisks rise;  
 The soil the tyrant Time defies!

## BERTA ED IDA.

Two tiny swanlets floated down a stream ;  
Two small Italian maidens pass'd me by ;  
Love's rainbow circles flit o'er me as a dream,  
The grand magician Love and Beauty charm—I  
sigh ;  
Love's nectar-bowl, too often sweet poison, and  
we die !

The lovely Jew enthralled the heart sublime  
Of high Olympic Jove !  
Brilliant Italia's cunning Cupid's dart  
Must monsters even move !  
Cain slew his brother Abel—therefore man  
And woman, bastards born, .  
Till death eke out their short allotted space,  
To await eternal dawn !

## LA FÊTE, FESTA SANTA, TORINO.

THE pale stars hover'd o'er the globes of gold  
That flitter'd, dazzling rays of diamond light :  
The sable Priests in funeral robes eclipsed  
The festal splendor of the sparkling night.

The bright gay music twitter'd, as the song  
Of swifts or swallows in their summer love ;  
Now breaking forth in fervor, bravely roar'd  
The rattling drum-peal to the lights above.

Their tender tones enthralled the enthusiast's soul;  
    Their lovely ladies' hazel dancing eyes,  
Firefly-like, shone upon the glittering domes,  
    And tall above the mosques and minarets rise,  
    Throwing deep shadow down the midnight skies.

Italia's love swell'd forth!—the speaking drum,  
    The clashing cymbals, almost break, and gleam  
Of time and happier summers yet to come:  
    Necessity's dark riddle—Is Liberty a dream?

#### LES AMOURETTES D'ITALIA.

ITALIA's sun flows o'er her rippling floods,  
    That fall and foam above;  
The trees they shed too soon their tiny leaves:  
    Thus tears dim fancy's love!

Fond Cupid flutters, little King!  
    His arrows pierce the heart;  
But soon he flies with hopes and sighs,  
    For lovers ever part.

Italia's lovely fairy Queens,  
    With floods of raven hair,  
Bedeck fair Florence with their loves,  
    That vanish into air.

The cypress tow'rs o'er the flow'rs,  
    The church bells heavy peal;  
Amid Religion's mournful notes  
    Love's melody we feel.



## VIOLA CAMELINA LOMBARDA.

JET-BLACK as thunder curled her clouds of hair,  
Swift, rainbow-like, the light  
That glitters in her hazel orbs,  
Their centre black as night.

Venice her bright fair happy home,  
Swift, lustrous as her wave  
Beamed forth her liquid light, that gleam'd,  
And lightning glances gave.

Bright glossy plumage flowed in streams,  
Luxuriant raven tresses :  
The spider eats the silly fly  
Fast caught within its meshes !

## LA MUSIQUE DES BOISEAUX.

THE lonely snipe on Mantua's marsh,  
He chirps his little lay ;  
The swallow, ever on the wing,  
How swift he flies away.

The plainest bird sings sweetest song—  
The Nightingale is dun ;  
The Pea-hen queen-like struts, to catch  
The splendor of the sun.

The Albatross he dreams and flies  
O'er Africa's cold sea ;  
The Golden Eagle o'er the Alps  
Soars solitary, free.

The Huma, bird of Paradise,  
How gaily he is dress'd !  
He canna sing like Bulbul, king  
Of music, in his nest.

## MÆNIA.

SHE lulled her tiny child to sleep,  
And hummed a soothing air ;  
Soft, like a flower on a rill,  
He lay in slumber there.

Woman, who loves thee finds a gem,  
Alas ! too often lost !  
The pearl beneath the glassy sea,  
By boist'rous tempests toss'd.

Love is volcanic lava-stone,  
When sweet first love is gone,  
Too often in Life's river thrown,  
Gone seaward, rolling on !

Love rules the stars, and stars rule Man,  
So Egypt's Magi tell ;  
Philosophy's hidden antique stone  
Seems Love that loves too well.

## GENOA.

THY swift sea's sleepy waters waving fall :  
I muse o'er time and happier ages gone,  
Ere the Star of the North swept away all.  
Antiquity's grey ocean at midnight mourns on.

Italia's legions, once proud, overran the globe,  
 When Cæsar vanquish'd Gaul and Britain's isle ;  
 Italia's cohorts still for Liberty retain  
 Roman nobility, and stern Roman pride.  
 Genoa, may thy star light up thy dormant sea,  
 When thine empire from Austria's sad despotism is  
     free !  
 Freedom's dawn must rise ! Orion's silver belt  
 And fabled sword in fury must be drawn :  
 I mark another age, another star arise,  
 Another sunrise break, another crimson morn.

## IL TICINO.

I stood upon the wooden bridge,  
     Cremona's sunset ray  
 Lighted its white and rolling depths,  
     In slumb'ring current lay  
 Its floods : far in the distance reared,  
     Scarce visible, and grey,  
 Lombardia's mountains, who, like Kings,  
     Her rich broad plains survey.  
 Dark low'rs the still and starless night,  
     Some million frogs are singing !  
 Red rosy dawns Aurora bright ;  
     Some hundred bells are ringing.  
 Methought this river yet may see some battles roar,  
 For Venice is not free till Rome is no more !  
     Flow on ever,  
     Giant river !

## CASAL MAGGIORE.

SHE floated down her lake of glass,  
On glossy waves of golden green :  
The flashing rays of sunshine slept,  
In envy of her snowlight sheen.

In chorus hoarse the midnight frogs  
Sing (maybe) love : the waters flow  
In sluggish calm, and slow content,  
Beneath the monster Alps of snow.

Gleams the black tempest furious forth ;  
Flare zigzag lightnings from the North !  
The tender duck lies fast asleep,  
Rock'd on her lonely lakelet's deep.

The tiny tomtit hops from twig to twig ;  
The slender wren peeps at his little love ;  
The golden sun dries up the mountain tears ;  
The limpid lake reflects his smile of love.

## LA BELLA FLORENCE.

FLORENCE, thy very sunlights are of Earth,  
Eclipsed by Woman's light ;  
Florence, thy stars are hid beneath  
Bright Woman's rays at night.

Her dazzling beauty reigns supreme,  
Her loving lightning smile  
Wins souls ; and Heaven's bright suns  
Are almost lost awhile.

Here Dante, Machiavelli breathed,  
And Galileo died ;  
I now but mark the Gothic arch,  
And Superstition's Pride !

And Woman's Cleopatra smile,  
And hopes, and fears, and sighs ;  
And Love's piercing arrows fly,  
And Man (the target) dies !

THE MEDITERRANEAN REVERIE. 1864.

THE sunny waves break bounding on the shore,  
Lashing the tiny breakers in their play ;  
Their rosy smiles steal o'er the soul ; a dream  
Of Life in other ages past away !

Methought I once below those lazy waves  
Had wander'd in that sunlit deep :  
Life takes all forms, and Death remodels all,  
The orphan sister of his brother Sleep.

The merry mermaids 'midst those mazy caves,  
Their silvery voices fell on me ;  
Merely a dream—but whispers of the graves,  
Sound in the languor of that lazy sea.

The sky above, a monster globe of blue,  
The pale green ocean, crystal clear ;  
But Europe's shores I view with mournful eye,  
Her lands convuls'd with War and panic fear.

## THE OGLIO. MIDNIGHT.

SPARKS of frothing silver  
Light up the Oglio's tide :  
The clock strikes slowly twelve,  
Another age's pride.

Deep echoes in the iron tongue  
Of ancient hoary Time :  
Ere Virgil died, ere Tasso sang  
Of human woe and crime !

Milan, I view thy splendid dome,  
Pale spectre-spires they rise,  
And arrow-like they fain would pierce  
Dark Heaven's thunder-skies.

Deep in thy cataracts resounds,  
Soft in thy murmuring sleep,  
The whisper of the Age that comes  
In lightning from the Deep !

## IL DISÉRTÓRE DI MANTUA.

HE laid him down upon the gleaming grass,  
His spirit droop'd with loss of light ;  
He could not bear the weary load—  
His armour stiff, and falchion bright.

Better to live and die alone, maybe,  
Or live with water, crust of bread,  
As yonder rolling torrent free,  
And sparkling mountain overhead.

Better to lie on Earth's green sward,  
And dream away his care ;  
For Mantua ! the stranger's sword  
Is burdensome to bear.

Italia lost her iron-bolted Key,  
Which Time must fain restore ;  
Her antique Despotism must die  
When Freedom's cannons roar,  
And every billow of her sea  
Will burst the marble door.

IL SPLENDORE DELL 'AMORE.

Love is the lightning flash that gleams  
Athwart Life's clouded wave,  
The rainbow light whose varied beams  
In showers find a grave.

In Italy's soft sunny clime  
First Love so sweetly dreams ;  
Swift in the burning Spanish blood  
He sparkles and it gleams.

Love is noon-day, when he shines  
In brilliant furnace fire !  
Life is midnight, when his flames  
In thunder-clouds expire !

For Woman's love Troy's city fell,  
Love's ashes yet remain ;  
By Cleopatra's magic spell  
The Roman ceased to reign.

## NINNA PICCOLA BELLISSIMA.

HER long locks fell as waves of glittering jet,  
Her eyes like star-beams on a summer sea,  
Their liquid lustre can I ne'er forget,  
Soft dazzling azure blue, and free.

O'er Cashmere's lake the rainbow throws  
Such rosy dimples, on her cheek  
Sweet blushes; so Nevada's snows  
The morning sunbeams faintly streak:

Her marble brow was like their hue,  
Her eye the sunlight seemed to speak,  
As when he sets in floods of gold  
O'er Himalaya's purple peak.

Her soul was one lost starlight thrown  
O'er Earth, to flutter, glisten, and to die!  
Eclipsed by twilight and cold chilly frosts;  
Such glorious light came only from the sky.

## CAFÉ L'ITALIA.

BEAUTEOUS as pale orange blossoms,  
Her light step's graceful sway;  
Her swan-like form, her raven locks,  
Her deep blue eye's soft ray  
Shoots through you as the lightning cleaves  
The toppling hoary tree;  
Her lips as soft as summer leaves,  
Where Passion's power we see.



In deep delicious charm'd repose  
Love lights the Italian soul ;  
In her the electric spirit flash'd,  
To animate the whole.  
Impetuous and impassion'd love  
Runs dazzling down a river ;  
Her sparkling smile I loved awhile ;  
But the sea-depths mourn on ever !

## MILANO.

SHRILL woke the trumpet's clarion-sound !  
Rose Milan from dead sleep ;  
Clash'd angry swords—her wrath it roll'd  
As thunder o'er the deep :  
Green Mantua's marsh ! I mark in pain  
Europe's diplomacy's tangled skein !

## IL VECCHIO TREVIGLIO.

THE old boughs bend their hoary arms  
When winter's tempest's blast,  
The boist'rous billows lash the rocks,  
And break th' unyielding mast.  
Age views the tempest-floods of Youth,  
That wildly foam and roar ;  
How cold Reality is Truth,  
When all Life's fever's o'er.  
Age sighs as winds through autumn leaves,  
When dreams and pleasures fade ;

Death's lightnings strike, the prostrate oak  
Lies shattered in the shade !

Time had engraven on his brow  
Grave memories of care :  
The marble statue ne'er can smile  
O'er fountains blithe and fair !

He long had viewed his country's cause  
In stranger hands expire ;  
He long had heard the ocean roars,  
Eternal in their ire !

#### LAGO GARDA.

THE fishes sport in playful pride,  
In rainbow glory deck the wave  
That glistens 'neath the Tyrol heights,  
The mirror'd mountains grey and grave.

The tempest shakes their crystal depths,  
The tiny fortress sleeps below,  
Their tips of golden cobalt white,  
Tall barriers of snow.

One solitary cypress stands,  
An emblem of the priestly reign :  
The insects hiss, as if the Sun's  
Red splendor gave them pain.

Lakes mirror-like reflect still calm ;  
But Earth, a monster wheel,  
Revolving swiftly, buries all  
The Light and Peace we feel.

The swallow flies and twitters on,  
The torrents dance and leap ;  
Whilst Peschiera, fairy-like,  
Lies 'neath the stars asleep.

Creation is some vast enigma,  
Man ever solving never knows ;  
By all the mirrors of the Past  
Man's dearest friend's his truest foe !  
A truer love, the deep repose  
Th' Heaven at night o'er Garda throws !

#### LAGO MAGGIORE. BAVENO.

The glassy lake in mantle green  
Reflects the sun's fast fading beam,  
The marble calm transparent hue,  
From Heaven's Gothic arch of blue.

He sinks to rest, a globe of gold,  
Above the silent evening deep ;  
O'er the black hills the Lady Moon  
Soft rises, dreaming, half asleep !

The swan rides stately on her snow-white steed,  
The rippling lake's slow sleepy tide ;  
The painted butterfly he flits  
In light ephemeral pride.

Italia ! garden of God's choicest flow'rs,  
God's loveliest birds on streams of glass :  
Italia ! where Love's soothing pow'rs  
As sunbeams on a mirror pass !

Flashing as scimitar across thy calm,  
Zigzag the midnight lightnings dart,  
Making thy rapture of repose a grave;  
Thy ruffled waves in anger part.

## NOTTE. MONTE MORTERINO.

MAJESTUOUSLY still he stands,  
In desolate repose,  
Stone monument of Solitude,  
O'er mortal joys and woes.

The leaping cascade's music falls,  
His dark black peak above  
Stands spectre-like, and tells a tale  
Of more than mortal love.

"Too-whoop," the solitary owl,  
"Too-whit, too-whoo, too-whit,"  
Repeats, as through the cypress trees  
His rustling pinions flit.

Such solitude the vampires seek,  
Afar from haunts of men,  
And ghost-like hover from his peak  
To deep ravine and glen.

The stars they wink their fiery eyes;  
Dead silence of the grave;  
The faintest glimpse of light reveals  
The lake's blue marble wave.

## SUNSET. MONT SIMPLON.

ROBED in his golden fleece of clouds  
Mont Simplon's towers rise ;  
Grave mirrors of Eternity,  
Immortal, in the skies !

Such views expand the mind of Man,  
And, as it were, impart  
To senses deaden'd by the world,  
A pulse—a ray of Heart.

In chains of fire sleeps the Sun ;  
A boat lies lazy in a dream,  
Now glides along the death-like lake,  
As fades the Sun's last yellow gleam.

In Nature's forms inanimate  
Rise Ages past away :  
Italia, ah ! how desolate  
Thy Empire and Decay !

## ANGELINA DE CAPELLI.

HER hazel eye shone, tears of light  
Beam'd liquid lustre—rose  
A blush of pleasure, as the morn  
O'er Alpine torrents throws !

Dishevell'd fell her floods of hair  
In glossy raven curls ;  
Pellucid, soft, and dazzling fair,  
As sail that white unfurls

Its snowy wing to woo the breeze;  
Her marble shoulders' snow;  
Pale rosebuds 'midst the lilies bloom,  
Her heaving bosom's glow.

Forsooth, the Neapolitan  
Holds deep magnetic pow'r;  
Soft, tender, thrilling, exquisite,  
Light love-dream of an hour.

Vesuvius glitter'd in her een,  
As in fury when he flashes;  
Like lava cities, human hearts  
Extinguish'd in the ashes!

#### THE HONEYMOON.

THRILL'D the light treble of her clarion laugh,  
First Love's bright sun-blaze came;  
He dawn'd amid blue sapphire skies,  
Red floods of fiery flame!  
When Life makes love, how swift the hours fly!  
When Death takes love, 'twere then less pain to die.

On Maggiore's lovely lake,  
Two hearts, two souls of fire,  
As rivers o'er their banks o'erflow,  
In ecstasies expire!  
When Love is young, how bright Life's mirror  
gleams,  
And Cupid's burning arrow torchlike beams!  
The glass once shattered, Life some desert dreams;  
The bow unstrung, our God a mortal seems!

## L'INDOVINATORE MEDITANTE.

THE worm knows more of earth than thee,  
 The lizard in his stone,  
 The serpent in his torpid coil,—  
 Ye slaves of Sense alone !

Lock but the doors of Luxury,  
 Let Thought from Sense be free,  
 Exclude the monsters of thy thoughts,  
 The Beautiful to see !

All Nature's forms of death and life—  
 The Granite, Myrtle, Flow'r—  
 Teach knowledge, and the Wizard Time  
 That plucks them ev'ry hour.

Despise not cabalistic art,  
 Of Egypt's mystic birth ;  
 Antiquity divined from Stars  
 The secrets of the Earth.

The Future, Past, like spectres stand  
 Unveiled to Seers' eyes ;  
 Events, as shadows, Life and Death,  
 In starlight seem to rise.

## À L'ISOLA BELLA, JOSEPHINE.

WARMLY Night woos the murmuring breeze,  
 Telling his love-tale to her ear,  
 Whispering music of far distant seas,  
 Sweet melody from far-off sphere.

Gently the midnight cascades fall,  
And lull her loving soul to rest;  
The midnight mountains' shadows tall  
O'erhang the little bird's soft nest.

Love breaks at morning from the blushing West,  
On tender winglets flying,  
Soothing and hushing her heart's heaving breast,  
And slender ringlets sighing.

With Love's first thrilling passion's force,  
Sweet Love's first honey flow'rs  
Fall down the torrent in its course—  
Fate's cruel tempest show'rs.

#### LA MAZURKA.

THE merry dance goes gaily round,  
In chorus fleet how gay,  
When lovers leap on fiery feet,  
'Neath Cupid's tender sway.

I mark'd the playful fiddle's twang,  
The mountain maidens light,  
Tripping like painted butterflies,  
Their glow-worm eyes gleam'd bright.

The moon just glimmered o'er the sky,  
The stars look'd down as lamps above,  
The fireflies flashing sparks on high,  
Reflecting swift glances, flutter and fly  
O'er the gay dreamy dance of Love.



## ROSSINI.

SWEET spiritual tender tone,  
Feeling all sorrows not his own ;  
Touching the very shades in Hell,  
His magic spirit-speaking spell.

## BERGAMO. DONIZETTI.

HIS the bright spirit, music's silver chord,  
Soft struck his faithful lyre,  
Re-echoed notes of hearts that love,  
In tones to ne'er expire.

On Bergamo's bright hills he sang,  
Where Virgil's mountains soar  
Above flat Lombardy's expanse,  
Where church bells peal and roar,

La Favorita's dulcet strains  
Her nightingale she gave,  
Those thrilling chords that echo hers  
Immortal in the grave.

And wild Dinorah's plaintive pangs  
Of Passion's tempest-force ;  
How true he strikes the jarring notes  
Of Genius and Force !

O Music ! magic is thy power  
In Italy's soft clime,  
To light the rainbow o'er her clouds,  
That vanish after time.  
Love's language, speaking to the heart,  
When Cupid wings the lightning dart !

## ISOLE BORROMEE. BUONAPARTE.

SMALL Empress of her tiny sea  
Of frosted silver, lies she still,  
Isola Bella, Queen of Isles,  
Beneath her rosy granite hill.

A little child with glossy locks,  
And diamond eyes, and fairy feet,  
Rows past her shore at ev'ning tide;  
Light music echoes whispers sweet.

Here Josephine the lily wore,  
The nuptial gift; red flash'd the Sun  
Bright o'er the morning of her love,  
By Buonaparte won!

As lightning through thick tempest-clouds,  
Shone First Love's golden gleam;  
Fate's javelin darts pierce loving hearts,  
Destroy Love's fairy dream!

Cooed cosily the nightingale,  
And dove her liquid lay;  
Soft murmur'd ev'ry passing wave  
In cloudless rainbow ray.

A myriad mirrors of the sparkling Sun,  
All Nature bright appears:  
Alas! in shrouds come funeral clouds,  
That fell in tempest-tears.

## LAGO MAGGIORE NAPOLEONE.

THE new Age dawn'd in clouds of blood,  
Napoleon ! Conq'ror ! came  
Comet-like o'er Ticino's flood,  
Or zigzag lightning's flame.

Here, ere Marengo's battle blaze,  
On one huge forest tree  
Engraven was the fated word,  
That Europe might be free !

But Elba marred the long-sought hope ;  
Still Superstition rules !  
Half Europe Janus still revered  
The Deity of Fools !

## LA MIGNONETTA.

LAKE MAGGIORE's little pearl,  
Thrown from its marble waves ;  
Small fairy mermaid, Sovereign  
Of emerald grottoed caves !

Like lily of the valley hid,  
Or light camelia bud,  
Beneath the dark gold glitt'ring peaks,  
And torrent's tiny flood.

The evening star peeps forth, so soft  
Its tender speaking eye,  
A mirror of its beams, not oft  
We see like her, and sigh !

The sun slow sinks, the bright gazelle  
Light climbs the mountain's brilliant spar,  
On tiny tender leg she trips,  
Till lost in clouds afar.

Thus Mignonetta, lost to sight,  
Fades far away, the little sprite !  
Love's viewless arrow in the waters fell ;  
He tinkles softly, as some silver bell  
O'er the sad waters sounds a long farewell !  
Nor time nor space can break his wizard spell.

THE WIDOWER. "NEVER AGAIN."

Thou'rt gone, my earthly love !  
Thou art for ever flown !  
Girt with the mem'ries of the past,  
My soul stands all alone !

The fading lustre of thine eyes  
Outshone like angel's love ;  
Whilst a glimpse of far-off Heaven  
Fell o'er me from above.

Thou'rt gone ! no trace is left !  
Never again ! Never !  
And I of thee must live bereft,—  
Lone !—alone for ever !

The hours fall like ocean waves,  
Sad, weary, without thee ;  
Yet still thy starlight Memory,  
Love, shines far o'er Life's sea.

## THE APENNINE TORRENT.

THE floods are laden with a nation's tears,  
I listen to their rage ;  
Their voices tell, beneath their caverns' depths,  
Of other Modern Age.  
The light just gilds the Alpine glacier snow,  
Mirror'd in glimpses o'er their floods below.

One huge volcanic mountain stands,  
A pyramid of stone ;  
Like aged hearts, he drops no tears  
In streams ; but huge, alone,

He rears his cold bare head ! So man  
In arid mountain clime  
Seems frosty, like yon glacier peaks,—  
Cold monuments of Time.

Bright Liberty's red ruddy light  
Dawns o'er thy silver flood ;  
Honor, as crimson comet's flame,  
Will come in clouds of blood !

## GENOVA L'ATTO MARE.

THE whirling cycloom's rage is o'er,  
The sunset gilds the glassy ocean's floor,  
The crystal waves break bounding on the shore,  
Lashing the granite breakers with their play ;  
Their rosy rays steal o'er the soul—a dream  
Of music echoes in their plashing roar.

Beneath their caves the merry mermaids dance,  
 Their glossy locks in coral grottoes lave :  
 But Europe's shores I view with sorrow'd glance :  
 They shed their tears beneath the glowing wave !

For Poland stricken falls their tender tear ;  
 War whets his sword, and Neptune shakes his spear :  
 Earth's depths they yawn, and Panic reigns awhile ;  
 The sun he sets, but frosty shines his smile,  
 For Venice weeps !—and who shall find the key,  
 Lost in the commerce of her crystal sea ?

#### GARIBALDI À CAPRÈRA.

THE silver sea lay calm, and soft, and still ;  
 He comes across the Mediterranean Sea,  
 Leaving fond hearts who beat with pride for him  
 Who dreamt a dream that Europe might be free.

His noble soul o'erswell'd with grief and pride,  
 He lays him down, full heavy with the weight  
 Of long farewells ! and in his lonely isle  
 He felt no more the load of irksome fate.

How many pangs for Liberty he bore !  
 The Rainbow's glorious arc on high  
 Sheds o'er his heart some rays of hope :  
 Italia's clouds may leave her troubled sky !

His the brave soul of honour, bright and fair !  
 His the true heart, that overflows with care !  
 His the real Genius, so genuine and rare !  
 His the great mind, that overcomes Despair !

## LUCIETTINA. MILANO.

THE small bird sat in its tiny nest;  
Softly chirp'd lay of love;  
The small fish sports on th' Ocean's breast,  
'Neath silver stars above.

Light, volatile, as aspen twig,  
That bendeth o'er a stream;  
Bright, fickle, save when first she sigh'd  
In sweet love's fairy dream!

The little lily blossom fades,  
Scorch'd by the glaring sun;  
Love's lustre, in her deep black eyes,  
Reflects his glory gone.

How often little souls may ache,  
And none to feel their pain!  
How many little hearts they break,  
To never beat again!

## MONTE VIRGILIO. BERGAMO.

ALONG the Alps soft vapours float,  
Above the rosy blue,  
The golden arch of Heaven's dome,  
Sol's sapphire smile shines through.

The slender tender mountain lass,  
In *negligé* attire,  
Brighten's God's gardens with her eyes,  
Italia's light of fire!

Beyond those Alps, another race,  
A mountain warrior clan,—  
Beneath those Alps, bright Venice, chain'd,  
And Rome's dark dens I scan.

The mountains overlook the towers ;  
The cypress overshades the flowers ;  
Love's symphonies have charms and powers ;  
Soft smiles bring tears like Alpine showers !

CHAINS. MANTOVA. LE POLONAIS.

INEXTRICABLE labyrinth of reeds and slime !  
Mirror of the Machiavellian time !  
I mark where Freedom found a grave,  
The exile, in the moonlit wave !

THE LITTLE NUN OF PIEDMONT.

THE waveless calm of convent life,  
Without the smile of Love,  
Exempt from care, afar from strife,  
No earthly passions move.

So young, so lovely, like a flower  
Torn from its stem to fade,—  
Was Heaven's light on beauty shed,  
To perish in the shade ?

Was Woman made to solace Man ?  
Not clos'd in cloister'd grave,  
God's million whispers ne'er to hear,  
And die a lonely slave !



She pauses, ere she takes the vow  
That binds her soul; a chain  
That makes the child so sad, I trow!  
Was Woman made in vain?

TURIN. KING VICTOR EMMANUEL.

KINGS!—who would bear a crown of thorns,  
That prick the royal head?  
Happier th' hermit in his cave,  
With cup, and crust of bread!  
A spectacle! a jewell'd king!  
Ah! who would be a sceptred thing?

Believe not, all who see the crown,  
That splendor doth true joy create!  
He sleeps upon no bed of down,  
Oppress'd with clouds and cares of state!

Who deepest penetrate the human heart,  
Or fathom mortal mind,  
Not in the greatest, or the least,  
True happiness will find.

A SIGH! L'AMORE NAPOLI.

Love is the electric fire, caught  
From unseen mines of hidden thought,  
Pours forth like lava o'er the heart,  
When Cupid wings his flaming dart

He cuts the icy block, the stone  
Fast melts; the granite rock he cleaves;

Warm sighs, then burning floods of tears  
Fall fast, as showers of autumn leaves.

The tired wave falls languid on the shore,  
The soft wind woos it ere it die;  
The exhausted soul so pensive lies,  
Responds to th' ocean's plaintive sigh,

Love's fiery sun flares o'er the gold of Naples Bay,  
Ere lost in cobalt clouds, how sad he sinks away!

#### LA PARISIENNE GENEVA.

THE silver lake lies hush'd, as babe  
In innocent repose;  
The ashy moonbeams gleam across  
Mont Blanc's pale glacier snows.

The star-white cygnet softly sleeps  
So cosily at rest,  
And dozes, angel-like, her head  
Hid in her snowy breast.

Like some small tulip flower,  
Sweet Julia shuts her eyes,  
Across her tiny beating heart  
One fairy armlet lies.

#### LAUSANNE.

THE sleepy billows tranquil fall,  
In calm content they lie;  
Thy soft domestic pleasures pall  
When life's first flowers die.

## ADA.

I ONCE had loved a fairy child ;  
Like Venus bright above,  
Shone the clear diamond of her eye,  
My first fond fairy love.

I roam o'er many and many a land,  
O'er many seas I rove,  
I meet no breeze so soft as fann'd  
My first fond fairy love.

We parted, small and sweet coquette,  
Though thousand passions move,  
I never yet could quite forget  
My first fond fairy love.

Love, earth seem'd then one brilliant sun,  
Now twilight, almost pain ;  
I never more may see my one,  
My first fond love again.

Playful as a little wave,  
Graceful as a wee gazelle,  
I love her far beyond the grave ;  
Ne'er can I bid my love farewell.

## IL PRIMO AMORE.

Ask the sun to cease to shine,  
Ask the breeze to cease to blow,  
Ask the tide to cease to fall,  
Ask the sea to cease to flow.

My tiny own first love  
I never may forget,  
In the sunbeams from above  
Her light seems shining yet.

I picked a fairy flow'r  
On Fairlight's pretty height,  
But it faded in an hour;  
Not so her pretty light.

My tiny own first love,  
I never may leave thee:  
Though the ocean, love, part us,  
A voice speaks o'er the sea.

TORINO. AMALIA. LA SIGNORA.

THE slender myrtle's graceful form  
Rocks on its tiny root,  
Down bends beneath the boist'rous storm,  
When angry lightnings shoot.

Small butterflies, on gauzy wings  
Of golden azure hue,  
So fly across Life's glitt'ring flow'rs,  
'Neath Heaven's arch of blue.

O Love! if thou should'st leave our hearts,  
Then are we truly lone!  
The cataract falls tears of ice,  
Till, like a marble stone,

Our heart lies heavy: Life seems Death,  
When all sweet Love has flown;

Black Death, he rides on glossy steed,  
The clouds of haggard Night ;  
The waves, as monster serpents, coil  
In folds of spectral light.

He lies as Mammoth Giant King,  
In leaden burning wrath,  
Till Earth, her demon, shakes his caves,  
And drives his furies forth.

Red rivers fall in cataracts black,  
In flaming torrents flow ;  
Then rocket-like, as Love, ascend  
From boiling depths below.

Mars mounts the lurid lightning ; cleaves  
With forkèd flash the cloud !  
Storms o'er the jagged rugged rocks,  
Dark cloth'd in funeral shroud.

Black Terror on his sable steed,  
Athwart the reddening night,  
That blazing vomits wreaths of smoke,  
And crimson lava light.

Volcanoes seem Earth's giant heart,  
Upheaving to the skies ;  
Her love, of distant Heaven, deaf  
To all her floods of sighs !

Vesuvius ! scorching flood of fire !  
Thy passion soars above,  
Leaving thee void and cold, as Man  
Exhausted after Love !

## CUMA. ROME.

Time's desolating hand  
Takes all we love away ;  
And therefore may I never prize  
The flowers that decay.

I breathe, exist, but scarcely thank  
My Maker that I live ;  
I fain would fleeting gifts return,  
He doth but take and give.

Cuma ! Jerusalem and Rome !  
Like butterflies awhile  
Basking in sunlight—now so dark,  
Without one ray or smile !  
Is Heaven's love like earthly flowers,  
Or fickle Woman's love ?  
Poor Christian ! there are goddesses  
In yon grand space above !

## NAPOLI. CAMPO VECCHIO.

## THE SKULL FLOWERS.

AND Man adorns the grave with mortal memories,  
But spirits spurn such homage vain ; a skull,  
Mere clay's image ; fair Hope, high Heaven's flow'r,  
Blooms bright above : the dead alone know Peace.  
Oh, Woman ! loveliest in thy marble grave,  
When passions, one by one, have sunk to sleep,  
Cold Death absorbs the mere mortal fire,  
Leaving the lineaments that may ne'er expire !

But skeletons are images too sad. 'Tis vain  
Ere death to warn us of our future pain.  
On Campo Vecchio shines the light,  
Thrown on the lurid vaults of malachite !  
Not all we view the same ! What seems so bright  
To some eyes, mirrors of immortal light,  
Strikes me as madness, folly, dark as Night !

#### LINES ON LONG ILLNESS.

ALAS ! sad hours ! all worldly flowers  
Die, as the Albatross on air,  
Sailing, I would dream oblivious  
Of Life, its weary weight of care !

Death ! I would wed but thee and Truth ;  
Sickness makes the soul so lonely :  
Man looks above, in hopes of Love,  
Beneath, stand Faith and Patience only.

To-day is Sorrow ; but to-morrow  
The sun shines dazzling bright in Heaven !  
Poor Mortal ! ere thou art Immortal,  
First Sorrow, Death, then Love is given !

Sickness, Sorrow, Falsehood, Evil,  
Pain, Poverty, and Crime !  
Some love this world I so abhor,  
Until the end of Time !



## CÆLESTE CARMINA.

HER calm and clear soft marble brow,  
Her lustrous crystal eye,  
Bespoke some spirit not of earth,—  
To love her, were to die.

Fix'd as a planet was her gaze,  
It pierc'd you through and through;  
The soft cold splendour of that eye's  
Unfathomable blue!

Her rich black floods of raven hair,  
Her sparkling, sunny glance,  
Seem'd lightning from jet thunderclouds,  
O'er dimpling waves that dance!

Her soul's rich Poetry made her seem  
As if she were not real—a dream,  
Idea, Fancy, still Starbeam,  
Reflected on Life's noisy stream!

Such Beauty smiles on sculptor's dreams,  
Pencill'd by Nature's Art alone:  
She never felt mere mortal love,  
Proud Empress of Love's fairy throne!

## EARTH. LA TERRE.

I MARK the blessing with the curse,  
The thorn that decks the flower;  
The darling favorite of our heart  
Oft dies within an hour!



I mark soft sweet Hypocrisy,  
The cloak o'er rags of vice ;  
I mark where Beauty 's bought and sold,  
With each her market price !

God's mercies seem oft sparing, too ;  
Poor meteors all we are !  
I fain would be a phantom-moth,  
And hover to a star.

Better far to be a butterfly,  
Seeking love in every flower ;  
Or the firefly ephemeral,  
That sparkles for an hour.

I fain would throw Earth's chains away,  
For better or for worse,  
Where false Religions reign, I see  
An everlasting curse ;

#### MADNESS. LA FLÈCHE.

THE concentration on one burning thought ;  
The pent-up agony of long, deep remorse ;  
Life's wise experience, oft so dearly bought ;  
Love wrecked in hurricane, or Revenge's force,

Breaks the bright mirror of th' immortal Soul,  
Whose images confus'd disjointed pass ;  
Sometimes a Rainbow may illumine the whole,  
And lend rich radii of prismatic glass.

He who abstracts his Spirit from this Earth,  
Seeking from stars, or shadows of the dead,  
Immortal sympathy ; grave, loses mirth ;  
All joys save Fancy's wizard dreams have fled.

Close all thy thoughts, control each mortal sense ;  
The bow may snap, the arrow fly or fall ;  
Thy mind abstracted from thyself, from hence,  
By starts seems lightning, or no light at all,  
The arrow flies, thy soul breathes light divine ;  
It falls—no midnight is so dark as thine !

#### METEMPSYCHOSIS. LA VÉRITÉ ?

To THINK that Life each form can take,  
The gilded insect or the painted snake,  
The grovelling worm, the plant or tree,  
Become the serpent in yon angry sea.

By transformation of the Grecian creed,  
And Hindoo's ancient lore, indeed,  
The very gods were men, till Man from God  
Became the reptile creeping on the sod !

“Philosopher's fictions (some have said,)  
Greece, Egypt, India's fables dead ;”  
Yet antediluvian forms we scan,  
Some are, believe me, yet alive—as Man !

This the true secret mystic tie of Love,  
Great Plato's dream from starred worlds above ;  
Man, bird, fish, beast, stone, insect, tree,  
Are links in the chain of Infinity !

This the grave secret mystic tie of Hate;  
Some forms we shun, as if repelled by fate;  
This the superstition of the Evil Eye;  
The monsters that we loathe, they never die !

LES RUINES. POMPEII. LA TOMBA.

A DESERT ruin ! all one horrid grave  
Of dark Antiquity ! infernal tomb  
Of Heathenism ! Idolatry  
'Mid Superstition's gloom !

The forum stands, where Cicero once spake  
In flaming words of fire ;  
The desert silent streets stand memories  
Of Souls that ne'er expire.

Was it a curse, or blessing, thus  
To bury cities whole,  
Ere Earth, when Rome's grand fabric fell,  
Shook from her burning soul ?

Bright Mercury's grand altar stands ;  
Gay abbots wooed, I ween,  
The Houris who gave bowls of wine—  
A jovial merry scene !

Bacchantes grace the frescoed walls,  
Fast crumbling to decay ;  
Sallust's rich villa speaks of Art,  
Of Ages past away.  
Dark Superstition's gloom  
Lays now a mournful tomb !

## LE CHANSON DE L'AIGLE.

O'ER HIMALAYA's purple height  
 The Eagle soars alone at night;  
 Arrow-like down from throne of snow  
 Descending when the tempests blow;  
     Now borne on rapid wings,  
     Above the sea he sings :—

“ Aloft, aloft I calmly soar,  
 Below the boiling billows roar,  
 In Heav'ns wide æther high above,  
 Where ever is Light, and Space, and Love.  
 Thus Man in spirit may ascend  
 To where all mortal passions end,  
 And find in Heaven's peace above  
 The Light beyond all mortal love.  
 As forkèd flash of lightning free,  
 Alone from my throne I shoot down o'er the sea.”

## VOLCANO—VESUVIUS:

OR, LOVE CROSSED.

On its peaks stand icy snow,  
 Above its fires dead;  
 The boiling floods below  
 Have tears of lava shed !

Thus the Soul's flood-heat turns to stone,  
 When first fond love is cross'd;  
 Thus the Heart loveless stands alone,  
 When first fond love is lost.

## CUPID'S ARROW.

THE arrow tickles, as the soft eye beams ;

Love, dream on !

THE arrow pierces, as the spirit seems ,

Drawn dream-like on,

How soft the touch when the hands meet !

Love beware !

Eyes canna sleep—the wound is deep ;

Love is fair !

THE passion burns, the full heart yearns,

Thrills, throbs, and aches ;

How swift the smart, it strikes the heart,

That sobs and breaks !

## CAMPO SANTO, NAPLES.

HERE, loveliest of Europe's flowers dead,

We view and ponder over mortal love ;

Is it that their beauty has for ever fled,

Their light and glory gone above ?

Love earthly, like the myrtle, blooms to fade,

As lightning lost in thunder-cloud ;

Woman's bright beauty in the grave is laid,

And all we gaze on is a funeral shroud.

If Love's light leave us, who, alas ! can save

Man's spirit, loveless in the lonely tomb ?

Who loves too fondly, like yon glassy grave,

Sees sunny splendor set in ghastly gloom.

Man's mummeries are sad and grave !  
Earth seems, alas ! one sepulchre to me ;  
But Heaven's immortal laws are fix'd,  
Poor mortals, none are ever free !

Ah ! who can view the flowers 'neath the tomb,  
And feel no sorrow for their faded bloom ?  
Sweet flowers like to Paradise, Italia's lilies die,  
When even summer breezes o'er her weeping willows  
sigh.

Dark Superstition yet her temple fills,  
Disease more cruel than the Plague that kills :  
I sigh to think that 'midst such ghostly gloom,  
Such fairy flowers cease for aye to bloom !

#### PRESENTIMENT.

They met—a parting pang ! some secret spell  
Stole o'er his senses as she said “ Farewell ! ”  
Our thoughts have wings, that hover o'er the mind,  
That dimly sees the Future undefined—  
The Soul sees faintly, for the Sense is blind.  
Thus the tree quivers, ere the lightning's flash  
Rends the branch prostrate with a sudden crash !  
And Thought is lightning, when from Earth afar  
Gleams a Presentiment as a shooting star ;  
A shudder half electrical, or Joy's quick spasm,  
Beyond the Present dimly, the Future as a chasm  
In sudden sunlight dawns,  
Or winter midnight yawns ;

Ere lightning lights the skies,  
The ocean billows rise,  
And winds mourn shrilly wild,  
As mother o'er her child !  
Thoughts hover, as some shadowy form—  
The silent rain-drop, prophet of the storm.

## GEARDINI REALE, NAPOLI.

GAY music floateth to the sea,  
And nimbly on the sand  
Small graceful children dance and play,  
In concert with the band.

Exotic flowers perfumed stand  
In crinoline's full pride,  
Mustachio'd Monseers, Signors, Dons,  
Stalk lazily, or ride.

Rich in bloom, one grand Signora,  
Verging on the age of twenty,  
Sighs softly on her proud adorer,—  
*Il duca dolce far niente.*

## RÉVERIE DELLA PICCHINA PICCANINA.

HER first love's sun sad set in golden waves,  
Her small sweet face reposed on tiny hand ;  
In floods of tears the mourning ocean laves  
With plaintive cry the yellow rosy sand.  
He leaves her, and for long long years  
They drown her heart, those fiery tears !

Her miniature dark fairy features,  
Rigid, lay fix'd in marble-like repose ;  
Her soul's first sorrow o'er her starlike eyes,  
The frosty midnight's chilly shadow throws.  
He leaves her, and for long long years  
They drown her heart, those floods of tears !

She lays down weary—wildly dreaming weeps !  
Fast clasps her first fond lover to her heart ;  
Then separating, as two wailing waves of sea  
In tempest, reft of rays of light, they part !  
They part ! maybe for long long years !  
They drown her heart, those torrent-tears !

She wakes ! Creation seems a blank, a void !  
Swift, falcon-like, his vessel left the bay,  
And crimson on the cloudless crystal sky  
The sun red rose—his light had pass'd away.  
He's gone ! maybe for aye she fears !  
They drown her heart, those fiery tears !

#### LOVE—FIRST AND SECOND.

ALAS ! when doves in love would meet,  
The falcon hovers high ;  
Alas ! Love's pleasure is so sweet !  
But clouds they cross the sky.

Love's lightning, piercing thunder-clouds  
Of madness, flasheth bright ;  
Swift dissipates the funeral shrouds,—  
Life seems no more moonlight !



First Love's sun doth borrow  
Light from spheres afar ;  
To-day he sets—to-morrow,  
Soft Second Love, the star

That shines in sober evening,  
When sunlight fades away,  
Departing, mirror leaving,  
Of splendor's golden ray !

STRADA CHIAJA NAPOLI.

OH ! LOVE ! the beautiful, the brief,  
The rainbow on Life's sky,  
Oh ! nought on earth can give relief,  
When thou in floods dost die !

In the golden midday, gaudy,  
Bright peahens toss in pride ;  
Red-plumed glory—sable Signors  
Majestically ride !

Whirling chariots, champing steeds,  
John Bulls in rich disguise ;  
Or dapper Froggy's rattling chaise  
Of sparkling ponies flies !

Brilliant in the gorgeous midday,  
The rich in splendor fly !  
Sombre, in the chilly midnight,  
The Lazzaroni lie !

Italia's tiny blushing blossoms,  
The cherub children, run ;  
Soft prattle, like the fountain wave,  
Gay sparkling in the sun !

Red, purple, scarlet, blue, and gold,  
And flashing hazel eyes ;  
Joy, coquetry, and sickness, care,  
And woe, and wealth, one spies.

One handsome, full-blown British lass  
Laughs merrily, and walks  
As some rich tawny Lioness  
In forests stately stalks.

And 'midst that rattling, prattling throng,  
I love one angel form !  
Love rides on th' arch of the rainbow,  
And smiles 'mid the tears of the storm.

Bright, brilliant, panoramic scene !  
But most of all I prize  
The emerald light that sparkles bright,  
In Italy's black eyes !

#### VIRGIL'S TOMB, NAPOLI.

HERE lies the Prince of Poets (Dante, king),  
And ancient lord of tender thrilling song :  
What magic memories does this marble bring  
Of ancient days, and long Oblivion gone !

Sweet as the Bulbul, soft as dulcet harp,  
 Flows the bright music of his lays of love ;  
 Sad Dido's death, and Orpheus' hapless fate,  
 The bard, whose lyre could the fiends move.

Starlike, immortal, everlasting, true,  
 Bright Muse of Poetry ! thy tomb I view ;  
 Of captur'd Troy she sang the mournful ditty,  
 Lost for a woman ! Orcus ! what a pity !

#### MAGIC. POMPEII. TEMPLE OF ISIS.

OF EGYPT born, Osiris, black-robed God,  
 Spoke oracles ; and darker Sphynx  
 On Cairo prophesied : black art, indeed,  
 Has secret chains and crystal links.

Pompeii's God—a statue spoke  
 Ere Cæsar's empire fell :  
 Were they weird demon's witchlike words,  
 Dark Magic's wondrous spell ?

The Toad, the Potion, Ashes, Weeds,  
 Are strange—if nothing worse ;  
 The Ruby Ring, the Borgia Wand,  
 The Cabalistic Curse !

However brave, remember Truth above,  
 And scorn not true magic of Eternal Love :  
 Pompeii's ghostly, ghastly gloom,  
 Are Nemesis' and Pluto's tomb !

## LAVENO—GARIBALDI.

THREE hundred gallant hearts for him  
Beat hope, and honor bright and brave,  
Above Laveno's mountain cliffs,—  
O'er Maggiore's moonlit wave.

The whistling cannons' whizzing shells  
Balloon-like cleave the air,  
The bristling bayonets, poinards, swords,  
Cold 'midst the flashes glare!

The mortars sound across the bay  
Like lion's angry roar,  
While thund'ring tempests lash the waves,  
That down in fury pour!

Cruel Austria! to attack the weak!  
Time 'venges every deed!  
The giant tree his arms unfolds,  
But then a tiny seed,  
Italia's freedom yet shall shine  
As diamond sparkling from a mine!

## LE LÉZARD.

SMALL crocodile of forkèd tongue,  
He basks beneath his bed of stone;  
He gazes fix'd with jewel eyes;  
In rivers reigns he—huge, alone!

'Neath lovely Cleopatra's boat,  
 That sails on purple wings,  
 On Egypt's monster river-floods,  
 The giant Lizard Kings  
 Shed glist'ning tears, when charm'd to sleep  
 By rays of beauty mirror'd on the deep.

## TABLEAUX:

POTIPHAR'S WIFE AND JOSEPH. PALAZZO BARBERINA.

HER shoulders, swan-like, soft and white,  
 They seem soft kisses to invite;  
 Bare, and her full bust's contours shôw  
 Like roses ere they burst and blow:  
 Beneath her black eyes' fringèd lid  
 A world of wanton fire lays hid;  
 In overflow of lust for him,  
 Those tender orbs they seem to swim;  
 She longs to clasp him to her burning breast,  
 And soothe the passion which her lips express'd.  
 Love's burning lustre lights her liquid eye;—  
 He feels the flame, but Honor bids him fly!

## L'IMPROVISATORE.

LIFE, Death, and Fate, and Mystery,  
 Unveil'd before his eyes;  
 In clouds the Future and the Past  
 As Panoramas rise!  
 Events are shadows on the Stygian shore,  
 They shine as spectra—mortals see no more!

## THE EVIL EYE.

To NAPLES, sovereign of all cities,  
A merry mermaid came,  
Deep from her ruby coral caves;  
Her liquid eye's rich flame  
Kill'd every mortal with her glance—  
Thousands expiring sigh!  
Her children still retain the gift—  
The magic of her eye!  
Their poison'd arrows fly;  
You tremble, love, and die!

## LA FARNESE. FLORINDA BELLA.

PALE rosebuds 'midst the lilies bloom,  
Her bosoms heave and glow;  
Soft blushes rise, as on the skies  
The red sun tints the snow!

Light limb'd as a little pony,  
Slight, graceful as a tiny fawn;  
Like lightning-lit, jet lava-floods  
Her olive brow black curls adorn.

Her looks like poinards when she woo'd,  
Softly with voluptuous fire,  
Love's drowsy dreams and burning sighs  
In hot caresses t' expire!  
Her eyes dilated sink in bliss—  
The ecstasy of Passion's kiss!

## PALAIS BORGHESE. LOT AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

NOTTE.

LUST, bastard child of noble Love !

Revolting offspring of thy sire !

(Tempting to incest—man, like beast ;

The old man drunkard at a feast !)

I loathe the subject, but admire

The art, whose lines bespeak in fire

True genius, that can ne'er expire.

## THE AVENGING ANGEL. A VISION.

I SAW him once so far on high,

It seem'd to flash God's anger down,

The lightning of his thunder-frown ;—

I'll ne'er forget him till I die !

Black as a raven did he seem ;

There fell o'er man the shade of Hell

Where'er his eye in judgment fell :

He pass'd me, as some awful dream !

Tow'ring o'er Revolution's storm,

A jet and starlike eagle eye—

God's darkest angel's tow'ring form ;

“ Who dares th' Immortals to defy ?

“ Mortal, for ever thou art mine !

I shielded thee when none were near ;

I heard thy cry in Heaven high,

The echo of thy last sad tear !

"I who have seen the vaults of Hell,  
The golden lights of Heaven above;  
I almost love thee, mortal—I,"  
He said, "E'en I, who never love!"

## ROME.

## LINES AT THE TORO ROMANO ANTICO.

I MUSE o'er silent ages, as dead leaves that fall;  
The thousand mem'ries dead I scarcely can recall;  
Where soar'd the Roman Eagle to his eyrie over all,  
I see but spectral fragments where the ruin's reptiles  
crawl.

Poor pride of Mortals!—the glorious Cæsars' pride!  
The monuments of mighty ones by Time's cruel  
scythe have died!

There Titus and Augustus ruled in sovereign state,  
Till they fell like the arrows from the iron hand of  
Fate.

Jove! Thunderer! thy temple's wide arches prostrate  
lie!

Rome! lesson to mankind!—for thus the mighty  
die!

The sun shines o'er a grave where light and life  
have fled;

Lies the snow-white marble, fit tomb of idols dead!  
More lovely yet in death, when thousand tears were  
shed.

Here the tyrant Appius Claudius, in Revolution's  
strife,

Fell by the temple, from the people's thirsty knife!



Here roared the shouts of victories 'mid the market-  
women's cheer;  
Here Cicero once spake, and Cato shed a tear!  
The Capitol still stands—the mighty Cæsars' home:  
Alas! I view but Priests where reigned Imperial  
Rome!

JULIETTA. LA ROMANA SIGNORA.

SWANLIKE her step, as if on wings of air;  
Her laughing eyes shed rays of light;  
(How often tears had dimm'd their hazel depths!)  
Her raven tresses long, and black as night.

Gen'rous her heart, as yonder boundless waves  
That tow'ring kiss the sky! 'Twas music when  
she sung

Of happier love-dreams laid in marble graves,  
Ere wreath of passion-flow'rs away she flung!

Her husband struck her! Like a tigress rose  
The flashing furnace of her sparkling ire!  
She left him, as the lightning leaves the snows,  
So dark at night when sparks expire.

Thus fell her love—and day was night!  
Her looks are frosty now:  
All Life is midnight when the stars  
Of Love are set, I trow.



## ROME. RUINS. PENSÉE.

I TREAD upon an Empire's dust—a tomb;  
I survey Italy that once was Rome;  
I wander o'er a sea of desert wrecks,  
The crumbling pillar and the fallen dome:  
Colossal Arch of Constantine,  
And cruel Nero's bust divine.

I scan the ancient Forum's grave  
'Neath Trajan's Column's height sublime;  
Grand temples, and great heroes' tombs,  
Slow, fallen by the hand of Time.\*  
Untouch'd by sacrilegious hands,  
St. Paul *alone* in armour stands.

## ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL.

PEALS forth as thunder 'cross the dazzling skies  
The sacred organ; souls ascend in song  
Of praise and glory to Eternal Majesty!  
The shrill clear treble and deep grumbling bass  
Reflect the melody of diviner spheres:  
Sad music, plaintive, as of angels' tongues  
Mourning o'er Mortality! The gilded sun  
And martyr'd Saints look down in love.

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\* Some author has aptly observed of Time—

“ I never take a full repast  
Until I eat the world at last ! ”

Rome, Athens, Pompeii, &c., have no doubt fed the monster  
for a few ages.

Around the lofty dome the eagles shine,  
 And flaming candles light the marble floors :  
 The roof, mosaic gilt, seems mirror of the light  
 Of Heaven's glory stealing o'er the heart in prayer !

I mark where CHRIST has rear'd a throne  
 O'er graves of Idols overthrown—  
 Christianity's foundation-stone !

#### LA ROTUNDA, ROMA.

GRAND simple monument of grave Antiquity !  
 Time-revered Giant, phantom-shade of years !  
 I wander o'er a thousand prostrate wrecks ;  
 The tomb of Raphael in the Christian shrine  
 Survives the cobwebs of two thousand years,  
 Render thy Majesty the more sublime !  
 Art lives immortal when Empires are dead ;  
 But Nations rise and fall as trees decay !  
 My Muse she sighs amidst the owls' cries,  
 Murmur the echoes of Ages pass'd away !

Colossal ghost of granite stone !

*Pantheon*, temple of *one* God alone !

#### A BUST. SAPPHO, THE QUEEN OF THE MUSES.

SUCH beauty soft, such grace divine,  
 Stern Pallas, even more than thine ;  
 Immortal Muse ! I more than love  
 The Goddess of some sphere above.

## THE CAPITOL. BUST OF MARCUS BRUTUS.

In him we read the *stern Republican*,  
Fell foe to Kings,—the people's struggling heart,  
Defiant 'gainst Tyranny,—the vital scorn  
Of all that threatens Liberty of Man !  
The soul of Cincinnatus breathes once more,  
(No luxury, but plain apparel ;) nerved  
His hand to murder in so just a cause—  
The People's wrong. His curling, scornful lip,  
As serpent, seems to coil itself in wrath,  
Ere lightning-like it strikes : great Cæsar's pride  
Fell as a pyramid, prostrate on the ground.

## IL CARNEVALE, ROMA, 1865. MOCCOLETTO.

FLARE the red flags, as run the ribbon'd steeds  
'Midst sparkling comfits shower'd from on high ;  
Peals the loud clarion's sonorous trumpet-twang,  
Swelling as waves that rise to kiss the sky !

Fall the rich bouquets 'midst the cheering crowd ;  
Soft glances, brighter than their fragrant bloom,  
Treasur'd by those who win a sparkling smile.  
More precious than their rich perfume.

Flares the bright sun across the frozen stones,  
Beats the French drum th' opening hymn,  
Down the long Corso tears the rattling chaise  
Of Roman damsels, dark and trim.

There the John Bull, in British schoolboy style,  
Pelts fiercely every poor passer-by ;  
There the bright beauty lets her favors fall  
On one gay suitor that attracts her eye !

Through the Apollo's blazing flow'ry halls,  
At night the masques leap, shout, and sing—  
Dance as the Satyrs, or as Pierrot's squeak,  
And make its echoing arches ring.

Wild as the fireflies red-wing'd in air,  
The glimm'ring Moccolletoes glare,  
Showers of lightning, till, extinguish'd quite,  
The throngèd streets next day seem night.

#### STATUE. HERCULES SLAYING THE HYDRA.

THE monsters arm'd in courage seem,  
As a lion strong in ire ;  
More often serpent-like they strike  
With forkèd tongues of fire.

Thus Man, endued with strength Divine,  
Destroys the Sins in number seven—  
Self, Lust, Hate, Anger, Ambition, Pride,  
Revenge—and mounts to Heaven !

#### LIFE. DISSOLVING VIEW.

ALL Life is but dissolving views  
Of chequer'd Joy and Pain !  
How few below, if Fate they know,  
Would wish Life o'er again !

## NAPOLI. TABLEAU LA MADDALENA TITIANO.

HER heart seems bursting into feverish tears,  
Swift overflowing into gentle prayer ;  
Her eyes are bloodshot with a light divine,  
Soothing her soul's impassioned care.

Perfection of mere mortal painter's art,  
That caught the spirit of her love's deep sigh :  
Love's magic and immortal flame,  
Whose burning fires never die.

The speaking sorrow of the aching heart  
That lovingly adored,  
Immortally, yet hopelessly her love,  
Her Saviour and Lord !

Guido ! My Magdalen she clasps a skull,  
An emblem of her love that's dead,  
For one that's gone, th' other sorrowing seems  
Her soul's hot torrent's tears to shed !

## PALAZZI DE CÆSARI. LOUIS NAPOLEON.

I WANDER where the light hath fled  
O'er banquet-hall of garlands dead ;  
I muse o'er ruins, Art alone  
O'er Barbarism has raised a throne !

Louis Napoleon, sceptred now,  
Still studies graves, that tell the truth  
Of change, decay, of ages past  
Regenerating into youth !

The patron of each finer Art,  
For him beats many a marble heart—  
Th' *Augustan* Cæsar of this age,  
The brightest leaf in France's page.

Long may he live, the Artist's Friend !  
True friendships only never end,  
And Art, whose monuments still stand  
The miracles of Nature's hand.

#### NAPOLÉONE IL GRANDE.

THE mighty Spirit of the Past,  
The iron tongue of Time,  
From man it scornfully demands  
If Genius is a crime ?

O'er Wagram, sombre Austerlitz,  
His sun in splendor shone,  
Soon set beneath the ocean's tears,  
Too soon for ever gone !

Star of the brave Imperial Guards !  
Whose light dimmed Europe's sun,  
With glorious blaze of martial deeds,  
And battles fiercely won !

Marengo's sun in glory rose,  
The flaming cannons roar ;  
The Consul took imperial robes,  
The Corp'ral, then, no more !

The idol of his people's heart,  
France loved her hero well !  
From broken hearts a thousand tears  
For Buonaparte fell !

A voice on St. Helena's shore  
Said " Honor to the brave !"  
Sighed the voice of Heaven's ocean  
Beneath Napoleon's grave !

## NAPOLI. LUNDI GRAS.

FLASH like an arrow down the sunlit street  
The panting coursers ; high above  
Shine sparkling eyes, as flick'ring stars  
Shed rays of light and beams of love !

Beyond all place, beyond all time,  
Sweet Italy, I love but thee !  
I've wandered, lived in many a clime,  
And sail'd on many a sea.

Naples ! thy beauty is half Greek,  
Thine eyes a softer language speak ;  
In spiritual beauty beam,  
Oft, lava-like, Love's fairy dream !

Look down Toledo's crimson course,  
Where smiles are shower'd, glances given,  
From tiny Psyches : rich it glows,  
A panoramic glimpse of Heaven !



THE UNFORTUNATE. CONGETTA PICCANINA,  
NAPOLI.

A PICCANINA flower,  
Laying down its head,  
Fast fading every hour,  
Fainting—nearly dead !  
Waiting only for the show'r,  
Heaven's tears to shed ;  
Selling her heart, and soul's  
Life, for *daily* bread !

How many live, to die  
Loveless and alone !  
How oft in vain they sigh,  
On the chill world thrown !  
Its keen blade makes them cry,  
Love, the traitor, flown,  
Leaves them lone to die,  
Hearts as cold as stone !

The Piccanina flower  
Shuts its tiny eyes ;  
It languishes an hour—  
Drooping down it dies !



## NAPOLI. SAN MARTINO.

LAY in floods of light her lovely azure bay,  
Calm as floor of crystal; her rosy minaret's tow'r;  
The sun's transparent beams, bright, rainbow-like,  
illumine  
The sparkling dots of villas. The antique fort  
commands  
The brightest panorama; scenes of splendor, light,  
and love,  
Seem to fall from the rays of Nature's golden smile.  
The thousand voices buzz—the hundred steeples  
peal;  
From myriad hands, that hourly toil for Fine Art,  
A grating echo, 'midst a choir of soft Italian harps,  
Falls on the ear. Vesuvius, capp'd with clouds,  
Frowns giant-like above. Now, hush'd in slumber  
still,  
The waves, as little children, seem to prattle, cry,  
and smile!  
The moonbeams glance and glimmer, like fireflies at  
eve,  
When the yellow globe of sunset reposes on the  
waves,  
That lazy ripple on, as in first love's sweet dream!  
One golden star—far, far on high—looks down;  
Mars, red, o'er the marble-pale Cathedral dome,  
And yellow rosy roofs, reflects the sparkling beams  
Of Italy's bright Hebes' diamond-flashing eyes!  
Soft music sounds, as each plaintive billow sighs,

(As if from weary wanderings it found a charm'd  
repose.)

The lover's soft guitar, and the fiddle's sharp twang,  
Answers on the shore as each note's sweet cadence  
dies.

Across the grey-green billows, one white lone yacht  
Flies as a falcon, silver-wing'd and fleet,  
Finding 'midst deserts many mirages of home.

Now the shrieking storm beats the foaming mid-  
night waves,

That snow-white, frothing, soar as kites above their  
prey,

Then swell, and fall, and sound as a lion's lonely  
roar !

Red lightnings leap along the black tow'ring sea,  
Flashing through thick thunder cloud, as first love  
lights the soul !

Naples ! Queen of cities ! my muse she takes the  
wing—

I leave to some more gifted bard thy loveliness to  
sing !

#### PALLUS O MINERVA.

GODDESS of azure starlike eyes,

Pale Ægis-bearing Pallas, Queen !

Rome's ancient guardian Heroine,

Immortal Beauty's virgin mien !

Her form so slight, so delicate ;

The snake, sooth'd, listens to her lyre !

Greece was her birthplace, but her light,

And Art, and Love, can ne'er expire !

## LE CONVENT, BOULEVARD D'ENFER, PARIS.

LIES buried in a cloister's grave !

No smile, save Nature's, there to turn  
Her soul from God ! no earthly flame  
Her wayward childish heart to burn !

Peace of the grave—after years of care,  
Another breathes the dead repose :  
The lake is calmer than the stormy sea—  
How cold and still Life's current flows !

The hearts that shiver in this world of strife,  
Where care cuts colder than a knife,  
Such gradual death charms more than life !

The bird is happier in the wild woods free,  
Than captive in a cage repining,  
Without a mate—a life of gloomy clouds ;  
But every cloud has a silver lining !

## MICHEL NEY. OBSERVATORY.

DARK Moscow's giant domes in flames  
Lay prostrate ! Rag'd the fire,  
Red, lightning-like o'er thunder, peal'd  
The deadly cannons' ire !

Ages of foul ignominy  
Now see their glory past ;  
As crackling embers, Feudalism,  
The tyrant breathes his last !

Hot incense from a sacrifice,  
As curses, fires rise ;  
And thus the giant monster falls,  
In spasms sinks and dies !  
The Prince of Moscow ! (pretty name !)  
His guardian genius gave the flame  
From France that as a torrent came !

## MERCURY'S MONOLOGUE.

MINE only is the fatal spell,  
Piercing the very vaults of Hell ;  
Light on a starbeam far I flew  
To mark the glorious rainbow's hue.  
When tempests leave the azure skies,  
I come from million miles afar,  
The spirit of a distant star,  
That onward as a strange bird flies.  
Mine is the power of a Million eyes—  
I pass each sphere, and millions rise !  
To few bright mortals can I lend a pow'r  
To view *immortally* a single hour ;  
But ye who steal the flash, must find  
The splendor dazzling for a mortal mind ;  
Fo.; poor man ! all must soon or late  
Eternity's allotted periods wait ;—  
Be cast into Hades by relentless fate,  
Or rise in glory at the Celestial Gate !  
Saturn's dense dark eclipse of sun,  
Misguided sorrow, seek to shun !  
Life leads to Death !—*the Two are One !*

## A.D. 1859. MAGENTA BATTAILLE.

Two ocean waves lie calm below the deep—  
Thus France and Austria's armies lay asleep !  
The shrill sharp clarion breaks the silence ; morn  
Spreads myriad mirrors o'er the river's flood.  
Dew falls in tears from Heaven's jewell'd eyes,  
Ere torrents fall in streams of burning blood.  
Swiftly the dazzling beams light up the bristling  
corn,  
And glitter o'er the zigzag dazzling steel,  
Drawn for the glory of their Emperor,  
And Italy, whose woes his iron heart could feel.  
Ah ! thousands there did meet the martyr's fate !  
But better far like them to bravely die  
In such Crusade, as McMahon the' Great,  
Than live to see all Freedom dead, and sigh !  
And mark the famish'd millions wander, far  
From love and hope, and home and friend,  
Banish'd by the mandate of a *cruel Czar*,  
(God give them justice at the judgment's end !)  
The red artillery ricochet's rebound,  
The flashing volleys lightning-like resound,  
And heavy mortars' thunderbolts reply,  
And every hour tens of thousands die !  
Pale rose the stars above the midnight dead !  
Lay France's flowers leafless, lifeless, cold ;  
The next sun's rainbow-halos seem'd to smile  
O'er prostrate armours, silver—medals—gold !  
The owl whoops above their silent grave—  
Honor to them, bright Freedom's champions brave !

## MONTE BERNARD. ANNIBALE.

ROME warr'd with Carthage—

Rome is dead !

Ages are but days

Whose sun hath fled !

Over St. Bernard's snow-white domes

The Carthaginian came !

'Midst grey cold mists of morning, rose

His sun, whose yellow flame

Lit up his cohorts' bristling spears,

And shields of legions bright,

That, comet-like, had flash'd above,

In floods of angry light,

At dead night !

## LINDORA. BOIS DE BOLOGNE.

SPARKLING as a fall of iced champagne,

Dazzled her glittering glowing een,

Soft to the rich alone, and jewell'd beaux,

Who pay, behind Life's tragic scene.

Comic to those who golden prizes win,

Love locks his azure gates to moths of sin :

Those lustrous orbs, twin stars of Heaven,

How many murd'rous deaths had given !

Ah ! why—ah ! why

Does all Love die ?

Dawn breaks o'er Love, whose crimson glories fade ;

Soft Venus lost in mountain-marble shade.

## THE JEW. IL GHETTO.

THE loveliest flower lies, and lonely dies,  
In huddled hut the ragged father sighs ;  
Scorn'd by the prejudic'd Christian crew,  
Like rat he slinks beneath his rags and boards,  
Despis'd and scorn'd for being a Jew !  
Rome, of Inquisitions profane, I view,  
The ancient superstitious love—adieu !

## LA MAISON DE SANTÉ. PARIGI.

WHIRL as a cycloom round his brain  
The hurried legions desolate ;  
Lost is the helm, and the pilot scarce  
Can guide the phantom wreck of Fate.  
To-day is still the dark to-morrow !  
Friends ? cruel friends, who caused the sorrow.

He lays him down, lone, listless, torn,  
His heart, as lightning-stricken oak,  
That shiver'd in a million fragments,  
Ere like a cataract it broke.  
Broken lanterns, burning mirrors,  
Light and Death's mysterious terrors !

He tears his limbs, and spits and foams,  
As stars fall burning o'er his eyes ;  
Around his brain the meteors flare,  
The giddy panoramas rise !



Thus Man, to serve his *selfish* ends,  
Buries alive his orphan friends !

In Fanaticism's dark dungeon deep,  
Afar from Earth, their spirits sleep !  
The harp is dumb, the die is cast !  
The swallows fly when Summer's past.

#### VENICE.

VENICE, thou who weepest,  
I list thy sobs of pain !  
Venice, thou too sleepest ;  
Thy mountains' mournful strain,  
Thy meadows, grottos, caves,  
Re-echo thy sad wail ;  
Tears fall from slow sea-waves,  
Repeat the same sad tale.

Curses light on that cruel heart  
That chain'd thee, o'er his head  
The iron wrath of venging time,  
In lightning tempest shed !  
Where thy bright beauty gone ?  
Or where the lustre fled ?  
Or is thy glorious star of love  
A flower lying dead ?

I hear thee thro' the whisp'ring trees,  
A voice cries o'er the sweeping seas :  
" Hope, I am near thee—be wise, "  
A spirit, a phantom that sighs.

The Age is eclipsing the Dial,  
From angel hands in Heaven  
Descends the red-burning vial,  
Burning th' impious Seven !  
Venice ! rouse thee from thy sleep !  
Silent He comes across the deep !

## L'ARTISTA. SIGNORA RISTORINA.

LIGHT myrtle branch, to waver to the wind !  
Dark olive flower, fluttering to the breeze !  
Fair fragile, lovely in her blushing prime !  
Dark, black as thunder o'er the flood-red seas,  
Lit up by lightning, burn'd her eyes of fire,  
Swift flashing flames that bright expire !  
Spoke passion's ecstacies ; but now  
Grief patient rules her marble brow !  
Love's wingèd arrow viewless flies,  
Burns as a comet 'cross red lurid skies ;  
Hot scalding tears, and melting sighs,  
A rainbow's glorious halo dies ;  
Alone, Love, Time decay defies !—  
Scorning mere mercenary ties,  
And only fools his charms despise,  
A glimpse of Heaven to the wise.  
Italia's Artist-Queen ! good-night !  
My muse awhile has taken flight.



## PARIS.

THY dazzling lights are full of diamond glare,  
Thy golden commerce, all a mart I view ;  
Love bought and sold, and stereotype  
Stiff *etiquette*, the king supreme,  
That makes thy virgin loveliness a dream.  
Thy heart so fair, so frank, thy *honor bright* ;  
Yet yonder star shines sadly down at night  
O'er Poland's exiles, fled across the main,  
Never to see their sunrise dawn again !  
I love thee still! my words are all in vain,—  
Clear as the stars, thy genius beams above,  
Rays of Intelligence, Freedom, Frolic, Love !

FINIS.













